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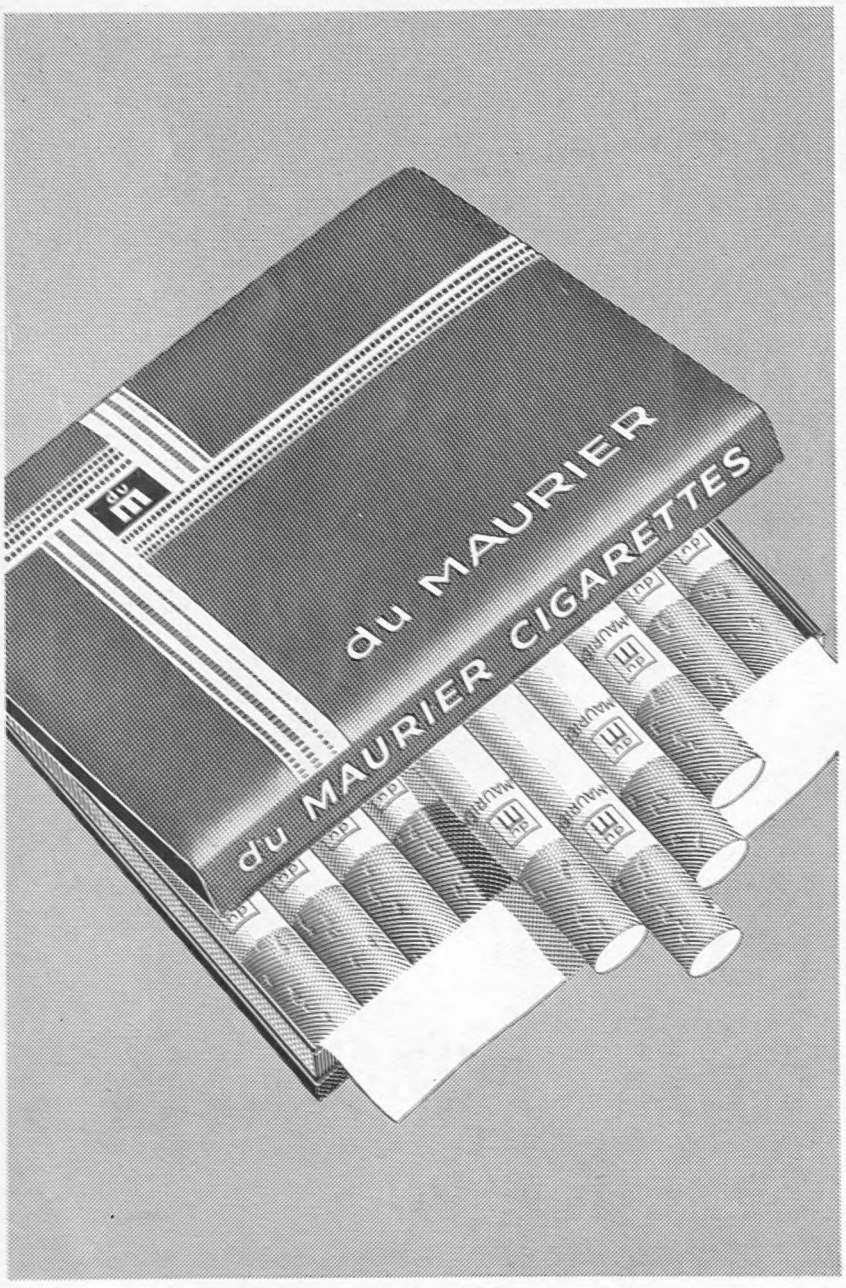

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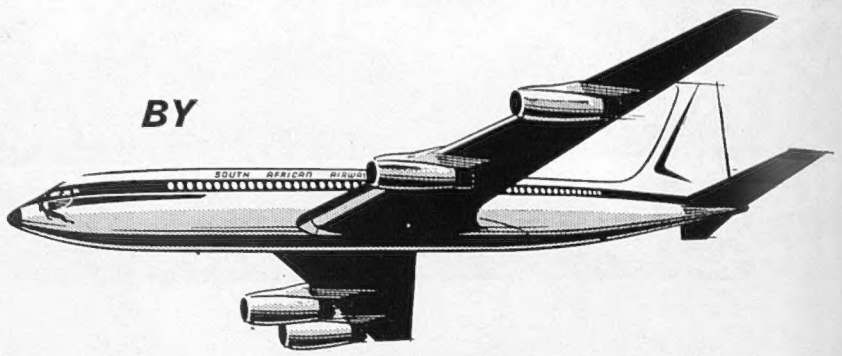

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The 'two o'clock men' swarm over Bluebird. As Donald himself said "They've done a wonderful job these chaps, many of them literally haven't had their boots off for four days".

The two o'clock men behind Campbell

A MOTH beats senselessly round a glaring arc lamp. It's very still outside. For this is two in the morning. But inside the shadowed dome of this high, echoing hangar, there is no stillness. For this is two in the morning of the day Donald Campbell is to drive Bluebird on her first vital test.

There she stands. Low. Squat. A sleek, almost menacing blue, highlighted silhouette. And round her swarm the 2 o'clock men behind this great adventure. The unsung heroes. The mechanics who've laboured night after night for six weeks – sleepless or snatching quick, unsatisfying cat-naps—to get her ready. Men like 'Chief' Leo Villa—who's holding a muttered last minute conference right there in the foreground (he's been 40 years with the fabulous Campbells). Men like Squadron Leader Peter Carr who gave up flying supersonic jets for the R.A.F. especially to join Donald Campbell as Manager of this fantastic venture. Men like 21 years old Brian Coppock, straining into the guts of Bluebird (front centre), whose only bed for the past week has been a shake-down in the hangar.

This is what lies behind the glamour. This, and much more. The much more of months of patient research. British Petroleum is supplying all the fuel and lubricants for Bluebird. At its Sunbury Research Station enormous overtime effort has been put in to solve many completely new problems: to produce gear oil that would give protection up to a stress of 290,000 lb. per square inch at 11,000 r.p.m. in the transmission: to find greases that would stand up to the temperatures experienced in braking from 500 m.p.h.: such were the problems. They have been solved. And, like the mechanics, BP's technicians had their reward when, at precisely 1.56 p.m. on July 21st. Donald Campbell set Bluebird's wheels spinning for the first trip under her own power round the test circuit at Goodwood.

Now Bluebird and Campbell have gone to Utah. To smash that record for Britain. BP wishes him all the luck in the world. But whether he succeeds or not, it will not be in vain. For as Campbell said "An awful lot of research has gone into this project and the private motorist will certainly enjoy the fruits of it."

The man of the moment. Far from the least hectored of the team is D. Campbell. Pressure was so great he took to a plane to meet his appointments. Here he arrives at Goodwood for the first, vital, test run.

BRITISH PETROLEUM

Volume CCXLII No. 3144

THE

SPHERE

LONDON, September 3, 1960

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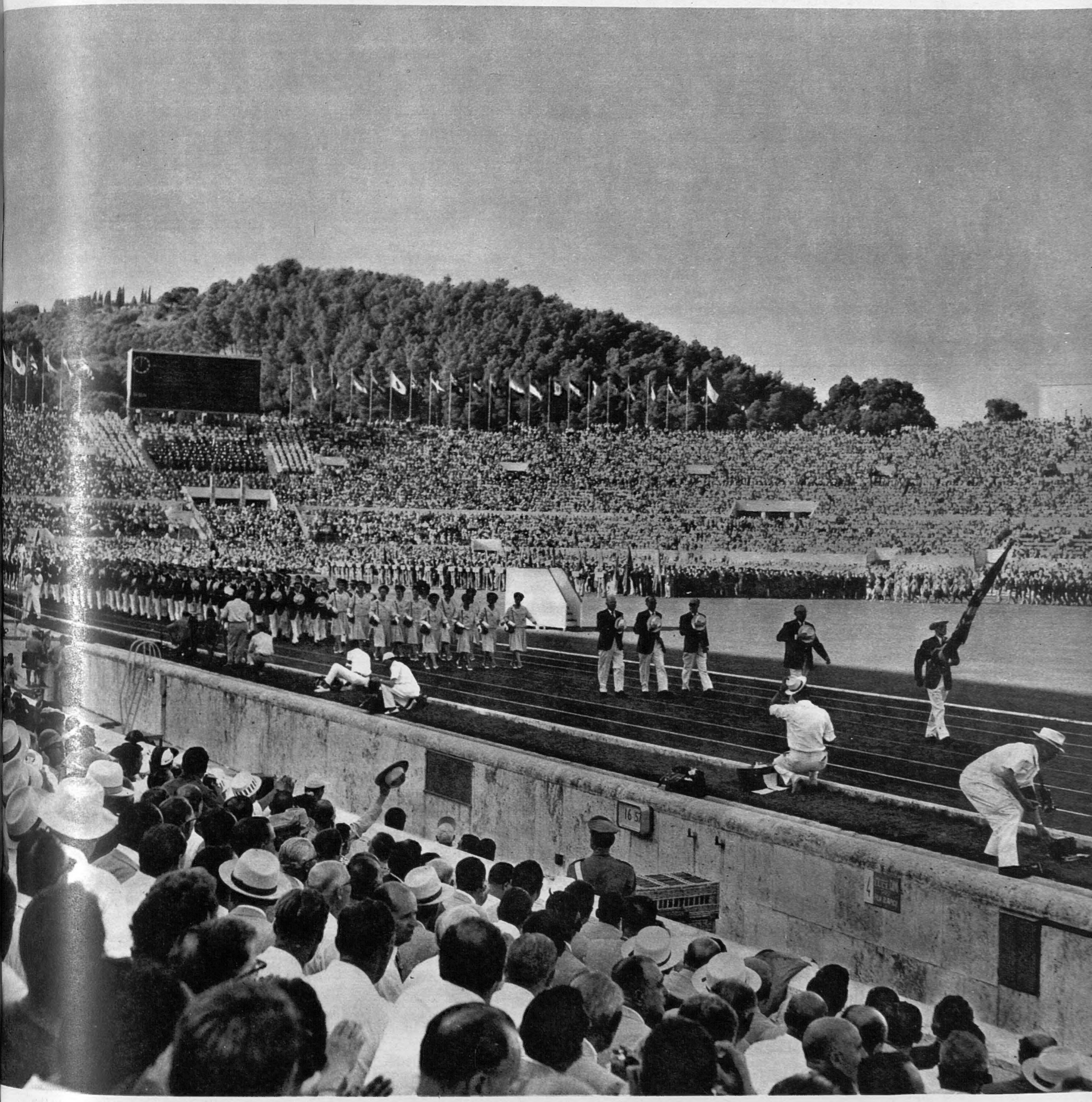

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

Watched by a crowd of over 100,000 in the Olympic Stadium in Rome, the British team marches in the parade at the opening of the seventeenth Olympic Games. They are led by Dick McTaggart, the Olympic lightweight boxing champion of 1956, who is carrying the Union Jack. The eighty-four countries participating constitute a record number for the Games; the list includes twenty-three Commonwealth countries. As usual, the parade was led by Greece, the rest marching in alphabetical order from Afghanistan to Vietnam, with Italy, the hosts, bringing up the rear. For the first time the huge U.S. contingent was led by a coloured competitor, Rafer Johnson, runner-up in the Decathlon in the Melbourne Olympics. In the ensuing ceremonies, carried out under a cloudless blue sky, President Gronchi of Italy proclaimed the Games open. The Olympic flag was raised and another Olympic flag was formally handed over by the Lord Mayor of Melbourne to the Mayor of Rome (a new ceremony intended to show the continuity of the Games, one cycle of four years ending as another begins). As the bells of Rome's churches rang out, the last runner, Giancarlo Peris, of Italy, entered the stadium with the Olympic torch and lit the flame which will burn until the Games come to their end on September 11

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NEWS SUMMARY

2,900,000,000 people; the rift between Russia and China; Communist intrusion in Latin America; deadlock in Laos

INTERNATIONAL

The new edition of the United Nations Demographic Yearbook, published last Sunday in **New York,** estimates the total world population at 2,900,000,000. The number of human beings is increasing at the rate of 48,000,000 per annum. Other statistics about Mankind include: Largest populations: China (669,000,000); India (403,000,000); the Soviet Union (209,000,000); United States (178,000,000). Britain (50,000,000) comes tenth on the list after Japan, Pakistan, Indonesia, Brazil and West Germany.

The highest birthrates: Africa and South-East Asia (46 per 1,000). Lowest: the Isle of Man (12.1 per 1,000) and Sweden (14.2). Highest death rate: Guinea (40 per 1,000). Longest expectation of life: children born in Norway, Sweden and the Netherlands. Shortest expectation: India. Illegitimacy: highest rates, on a survey in fifty-five countries, are in the Caribbean and parts of Central and South America.

COMMUNISM

About one-third of the human race lives under Communist regimes. The long-standing ideological dispute between the two main Communist blocs, centred on Moscow and Pekin respectively, took a new turn early this week with reports from East Berlin that Russia had invited China to discuss doctrinal differences at a conference in the Soviet capital. The talks would probably be held in November, during the celebrations for the forty-third anniversary of the Russian Revolution.

In 1957 an uneasy truce was patched up between the Russian and Chinese viewpoints. It was agreed that the extremes of Revisionism and Dogmatism were both dangerous. Since then, however, Mr. Khrushchev, in spite of his conduct over the Summit, has consistently preached " Co-existence," which means victory for Communism by all means short of war. The Chinese, on the other hand, have held that war " against Imperialism " may be necessary for the achievement of World Communism. The Russian attitude was expounded by the Soviet Prime Minister at the Communist Congress in Bucharest in June this year. Last week it was reported from America that Mr. Khrushchev has issued documents to Communist Party leaders in Europe, and possibly elsewhere, setting out in detail his differences with Mao Tse-tung. From other sources it was learnt that Rumanian and Bulgarian Communists had held meetings to discuss the documents and had given full support to Mr. Khrushchev.

Before any Sino-Russian conference can be held, agreement will have to be reached about who shall attend it. Russia is said to want only leaders from Communist controlled countries to be invited. China would like delegates from all Communist parties to be present. (These would presumably include representatives from the British Communist Party, which celebrated its fortieth anniversary last Sunday.)

The Sino-Russian dispute was the background against which the unexpected move of Mr. Molotov from Outer Mongolia to **Vienna** was being studied. He is to be Soviet representative at the International Atomic Energy Agency which was founded three years ago to promote the peaceful use of atomic energy and has its headquarters in the Austrian capital. There are seventy member states. Vyacheslav Molotov was for many years Stalin's right-hand man and Foreign Minister of Russia. He also served for a time as Prime Minister. In 1957 when Mr. Khrushchev was consolidating his position, Mr. Molotov fell from power and was banished to Outer Mongolia as Soviet Ambassador at Ulan Bator. He is the first fallen Soviet Minister who has been permitted to return to Europe from exile.

Various interpretations were being put upon his new appointment. Some held that it implied Russia was intending to follow a " tougher " policy in international relations. Others, however, considered Mr. Molotov had been moved because in Ulan Bator he was too near to China for Mr. Khrushchev's comfort.

LATIN AMERICA

In San José, Costa Rica, the Foreign Ministers of the Organisation of American States agreed to sever relations with the Dominican Republic, condemning the dictatorship of General Trujillo. They then passed on to consider American charges against Cuba. Mr. Herter, the U.S. Secretary of State, denounced Cuba's support of the Soviet rocket threat against the U.S. The charge was that Communist influence on the island constituted intervention by another continent in Latin America. (In 1954, the O.A.S. meeting at Caracas passed a resolution agreeing to concerted action against Communist infiltration.) Señor Roa, the Cuban Foreign Minister, in several blunt speeches, accused the U.S. on two counts: generally of exercising too much influence in the O.A.S.; and specifically of trying to stop Cuban trade with other countries than herself. Finally, the Foreign Ministers passed a resolution implicitly condemning Mr. Khrushchev's offer to support Cuba with missiles and disapproving of Dr. Castro's acceptance. But the resolution omitted to name Dr. Castro, Cuba or Mr. Khrushchev. (One consideration for the Foreign Ministers was the reaction of the U.S. Congress to requests for aid to any Latin American country siding with Cuba against the U.S.) The Cuban delegation then walked out of the meeting.

LAOS

The situation became no clearer over last week-end, regarding the deadlock between the Prime Minister, Prince Souvanna Phouma, supported by Captain Kong Lae, and General Phoumi Nosavan, the former Defence Minister, supported by sections of the Army. Hopes of a solution to the deadlock were pinned on a meeting at the beginning of this week in Luang Prabang, the royal capital. Prince Souvanna Phouma and members of the National Assembly in Vientiane met General Nosavan and his supporters. The military situation then was that Captain Kong Lae controlled the administrative capital, Vientiane, with his paratroops and General Nosavan was in command in Savannakhet, 300 miles to the south, but was advancing slowly. To the north, the Communist Pathet Lao organisation threatened both sides. Politically, the situation was that while the King had agreed to Prince Souvanna Phouma's appointment as Prime Minister, he had not ratified his Cabinet, and seemed inclined to favour General Nosavan. The Prince wanted a strong neutralist policy and a possible compromise with the right-wing anti-Communist forces led by General Nosavan. Captain Kong Lae was not in favour of any compromise, and Pathet Lao wanted a war against General Nosavan and a declaration of friendship with Russia and China.

MIDDLE EAST

In Teheran, Persia, last week-end, the Shah said at a Press conference that irregularities had occurred in the voting for the Majlis, or Lower House, the results of which had been just announced. He went on to say that the Government alone must not be blamed but also the present electoral law. If it was so wished, these laws would be changed. There are two main parties in the Persian Parliament, the Nationalists of the Prime Minister, Dr. Eqbal, and the People's Party, led by Mr. Assadollah Alam, a close friend of the Shah. Both support the present regime and there is no Opposition in the Majlis, except in name.

In Bagdad, Iraq, the Prime Minister, General Kassem, stated that he had given a " war plan " to the faction in Oman engaged in fighting the Sultan of Muscat and Oman, who is supported by Britain. Iraq was sending arms by air to Arab Omanese.

GREAT BRITAIN

At the start of this week the unofficial seamen's strike was continuing on **Merseyside.** In spite of the stoppage, a number of liners has succeeded in sailing from Liverpool. Spokesmen for the strikers' National Seamen's Reform Movement indicated that they would be prepared to meet representatives of the employers and the official National Union of Seamen provided the Reform Movement was recognised as representing the strikers. A mass demonstration and march through the docks was planned for last Tuesday.

A " preliminary survey " carried out by the Clare and Downing Court Tenants' Association of **Holborn and St. Pancras** showed an " average increase of 66 per cent." in Greater London over the rents demanded after the Rent Act of 1957 and a 160 per cent. increase over rents before the Act came into force. The survey covered districts of West London and parts of the north and south-west. The size of the sample was not disclosed.

Britain's V-bombers can now be airborne in two minutes. This should enable them to avoid being destroyed on the ground by surprise attack by missiles. The new system by which the crews have their aircraft so quickly in the air will be demonstrated at the **Farnborough** Air Display, which starts next Monday, September 5. (A survey of some of the features to be seen at the Display is on pp. 358-360.)

THE UNITED STATES

With the approach of the new school year, racial questions were to the fore again in the southern States of the U.S.A. In **New Orleans,** Louisiana, a panel of three Federal judges issued an injunction against State officials, restraining them from interfering with racial integration in the local public schools. In **Jacksonville,** Florida, there were riots between Whites and Negroes after " sit-in " demonstrations by Negroes at lunch counters.

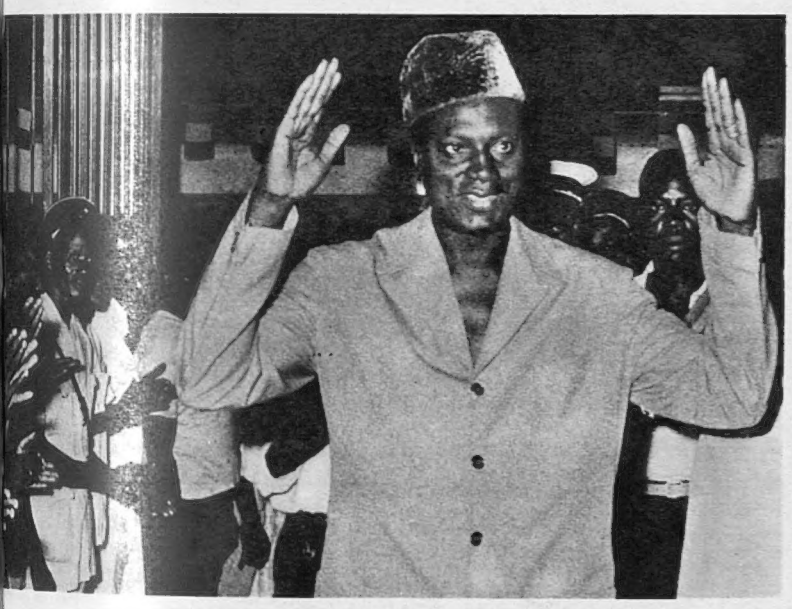
GERMANY

The East Germans last week claimed to have arrested 147 " American agents." The West Germans riposted by declaring they had unmasked 1,270 " Communist agents " and that they knew of a total of 16,000 such agents in their territory. It was reliably reported from both Germanys that children were being warned against the danger of being caught playing the game of " I spy."

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A FISHING BOAT, IN WHICH FOUR MEN LOST THEIR LIVES, AGROUND OFF THE SCOTTISH COAST

Devotion, from Lossiemouth, Morayshire, lies on the rocks near the village of Pennan, in Aberdeenshire. She had been driven ashore in a fog. The skipper and three other members of the crew of seven lost their lives. Last week's weather news for many parts of Britain was largely concerned with storms of an exceptionally severe nature. A whirlwind swept through Hornchurch, in Essex, and walls were blown down and roofs ripped off buildings. Thunderstorms deluged Kent, Sussex and Devon and floods followed. During the week-end a tornado hit Dursley, in Gloucestershire, and a 100-m.p.h. gale struck Cheltenham. Bristol was without electricity for half an hour after lightning struck a grid power line. Holiday traffic in the West Country travelled through downpours and high winds. The corn harvest was reported to have been "completely flattened" in some areas and elsewhere the rains were delaying the gathering of the crops

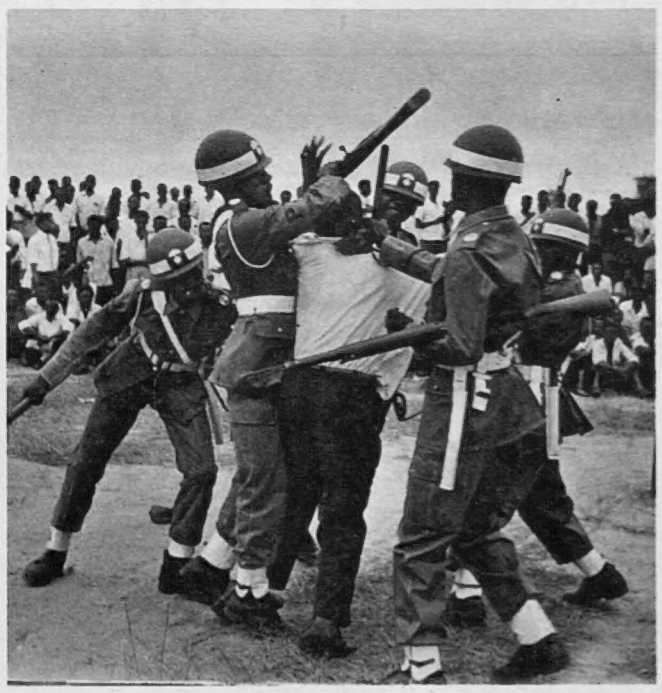


M. KEITA, OF SOUDAN, AFTER HIS RELEASE

M. DIA, OF SENEGAL, IN PARIS

The general hope in Paris last week was that the rupture between Senegal and Soudan, which led to the collapse of the Mali Federation in West Africa, would eventually be healed. For this reason the French Government was remaining non-committal towards both sides. It was not yet known whether M. Keita, the Soudanese Prime Minister, would insist on taking his case to the United Nations before going for talks with President de Gaulle in Paris. M. Keita had returned to Bamakar, the capital of Soudan, after being held under arrest in Dakar, the former Federal capital. M. Dia, the Senegalese Prime Minister, had spent a day in the French capital where he conferred with the President and M. Debré, the Premier

AN ANTI-LUMUMBA DEMONSTRATION



CONGOLESE POLICE IN ACTION IN LEOPOLDVILLE

There was no sign of clarification in the situation in Congo at the beginning of this week. An attempt to hold an African "Summit" conference in Leopoldville, at which only ten nations were represented, led to anti-Lumumba demonstrations and riots. Confusion had been further increased by the emergence of a new element, the "independent state of Kasai" under M. Albert Kalonji. Kasai draws its wealth from diamond mines. On Monday it was reported that troops of M. Lumumba's Central Government had occupied Bakwanga, capital of the "independent mining state." This news had led M. Tshombe, the separatist leader of the neighbouring province of Katanga, to blow up bridges and mine roads on the Katanga-Kasai border. Meanwhile United Nations troops continued to operate in the Congo under extreme difficulties

Dr. Chiang Myon (John Chang) after being elected to the Prime Ministership of South Korea in the Lower House of the National Assembly in Seoul. The leader of the group instrumental for the end of the Syngman Rhee regime, Dr. Chiang is supported by a large section of the Democratic Party. But his efforts to form a non-partisan administration were frustrated by the opposition of the so-called "old faction" of the Democrats (which had threatened to form a new Conservative opposition)

SOUTH KOREAN PRIME MINISTER

Below right: The only woman in Archbishop Makarios's Cabinet is Mrs. Stella Souliotou, who was appointed Minister of Justice. She is forty years old, was the first Cypriot woman to qualify as a barrister (at Gray's Inn) and is a former Waaf officer. Her brother is Michael Cacoyannis, the leading Greek film director. Another member of the Cabinet whose appointment has caused some discussion is the Foreign Minister, Mr. Spyros Kyprianou, a young barrister, who was educated in England

CYPRUS'S MINISTER OF JUSTICE

Far right: Mr. A. L. Williams, the national agent of the Labour Party, is seen at his desk at Transport House, seated under a portrait of Lord Attlee, after taking over temporarily the duties of the general secretary, Mr. Morgan Phillips. For some weeks Mr. Phillips has been ill in a hospital in Glasgow

TEMPORARY GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE LABOUR PARTY

From left, at the Arab Foreign Ministers' conference at Shtura in the Lebanon, are Dr. Fawzi, the U.A.R. delegate; Mr. Philip Tekla of the Lebanon; and Prince Fahd of Saudi-Arabia. The conference made two chief resolutions: (1) Support for the Algerian "Provisional Government" at the United Nations and promises to facilitate recruiting for the "Algerian liberation army"; (2) An appeal for member states of the Arab League to desist from radio and press campaigns against each other

ARAB FOREIGN MINISTERS' CONFERENCE

At the start of his visit to Israel, Abbé Fulbert Youlou, President of the newly independent Republic of the Congo (the former French Congo) talks to Mr. Ben-Gurion, the Israeli Prime Minister. Abbé Fulbert Youlou was attending the international conference on the advancement of science in Asian and African countries, at the Weizmann Institute of Science in Tel Aviv

ABBÉ FULBERT YOULOU AND MR. BEN-GURION

Far right: From the gondola of a balloon, nearly 103,000 ft. above New Mexico, Captain Joseph Kittinger of the American Air Force starts his long descent towards earth. Below him is the cloud cover obscuring the earth. He dropped for over 4½ minutes before opening his parachute. The photograph was taken automatically after Captain Kittinger had set the camera in action before jumping

THE WORLD RECORD PARACHUTE JUMP

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Young girls who work in a radio factory in Tokyo take a break for a luxurious stretch twice a day. Their work requires great concentration as it entails inserting very small components into the receiving sets, and they have to use binoculars to do it. Officials of the Japanese company claim that the stretching, which is carried out in unison to the accompaniment of blasts from a whistle (blown by the man in the background), helps to increase their efficiency

A STRETCH IN TIME IN JAPAN

Below right:
At a Press conference in Edinburgh, last week, are Mr. Robert Ponsonby and the Earl of Harewood. Mr. Ponsonby, who has organised this year's Festival at Edinburgh announced last year his intention to retire. He is reported to have said that he had a difference of opinion over the policy concerning the Festival. The Earl of Harewood has taken over the position of artistic director from him

CONFERENCE IN EDINBURGH

Far right:
At Cap d'Ail on the French Riviera, Lord Beaverbrook plants an olive tree in a public garden which has been named after him. Talking to him is one of Cap d'Ail's councillors, Madame Eva Garetto. The British newspaper owner, who is an honorary citizen of the small town, has his Riviera home there. About nine years ago he heard that Cap d'Ail wanted a public garden for the town centre; he gave the mayor £1,000 to buy the land. Lord Beaverbrook cut a tricolour tape to open the garden, and unveiled a plaque with the words Square Beaverbrook inscribed on it. Later he gave a champagne reception

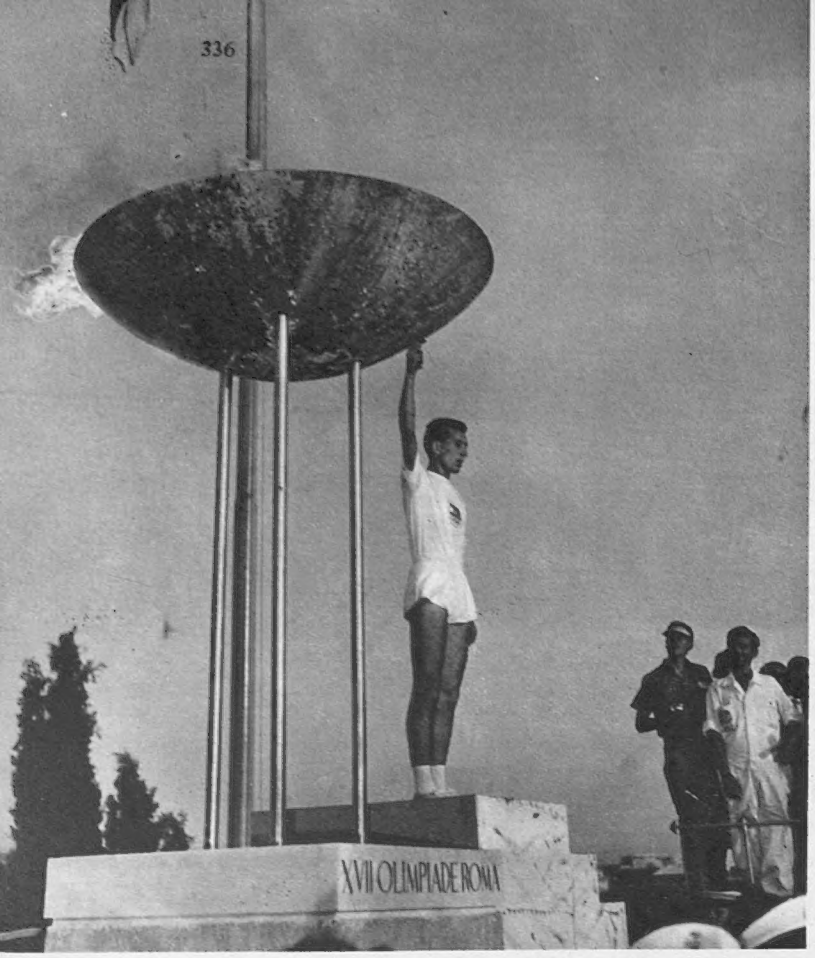
LORD BEAVERBROOK IN FRANCE

The new Vickers Vigilant wire-guided anti-tank missile is seen as it is set up in its firing position during a demonstration. Last week, it was announced that the War Office had placed an order for the weapon for assessment trials by the infantry. The missile, which has a range of about one mile, weighs only 45 lb. and can be transported by one man

THE NEW ANTI-TANK MISSILE

Far right: At a camp in Merionethshire, a team of Gurkhas study their map of the route they were taking in a marching competition for 200 territorials. The Gurkhas were not competing for the trophy to be awarded to the winning team. There were 23 teams, and the route across mountainous country covered 85 miles

GURKHAS IN WALES



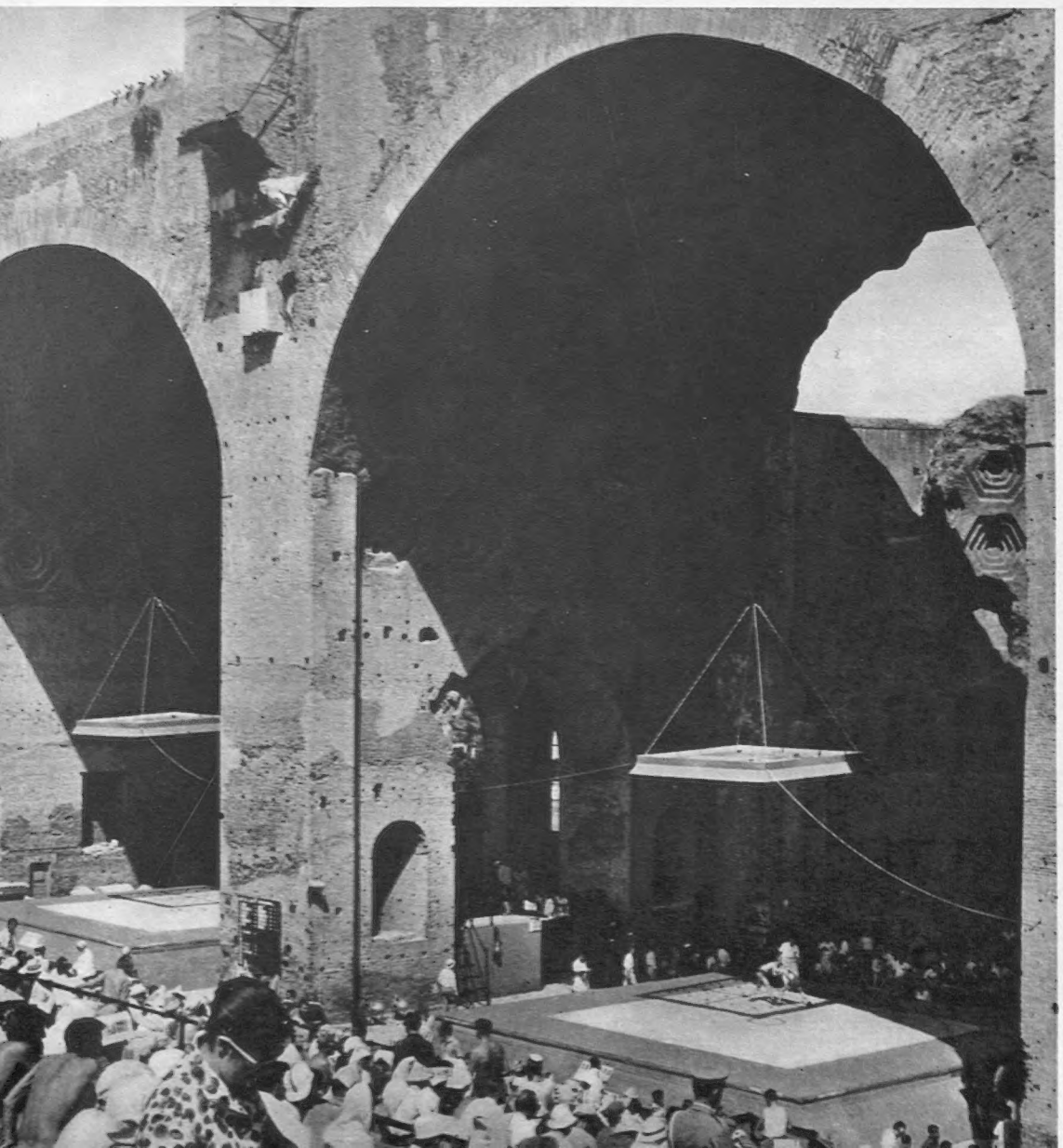
The last runner holds aloft the torch after lighting the Olympic flame

President Gronchi, with Queen Frederika of Greece (left), and Signora Gronchi (right)

From all quarters came praise for the new arenas and facilities for the events of the seventeenth Olympic Games, which opened in brilliant, hot weather in Rome. In the first days of the Games, before the start of the athletics, which for most people form the *pièce de résistance*, the British team was heartened by the performances of their swimmers. Anita Lonsbrough, a nineteen-year-old girl from Huddersfield, came from behind to win the women's 200-metres breast-stroke in a world and Olympic record time. *Also*, Elizabeth Ferris gained a bronze for her third place in the women's 3-metre spring-board diving. These successes to some extent balanced Britain's poor showing in the cycling track events, where Italy were supreme. Other events which started at the beginning of the Olympics were boxing, wrestling, canoeing, basketball, modern pentathlon and hockey. It was in the last event that the experts made their most certain prognostications. As usual, ever since 1928, the Indians seemed in a class of their own.

The Chinese Nationalists march under protest; they were entered under the title "Taiwan"

Greco-Roman wrestling in progress in the Basilica of Maxentius



A heat of the men's free style 100 metres

Britain's first Gold Medal, won by Anita Lonsbrough in the women's 200 metres breaststroke

Elizabeth Ferris won a Bronze in the women's springboard diving

OLYMPICS IN ROME

The Olympic medal, struck in gold, silver and bronze—left, the obverse, and right the reverse

Ingrid Kramer (East Germany) first in the springboard diving, and Nina Krutova (Russia)

The Italian team—winners of the 100 kilometres team time trial

JOHN CONNELL

A NON-INSURABLE RISK

At the beginning of August there was published in the *East African Standard* a letter to which I have not hitherto seen any reference in any newspaper in the United Kingdom. Its writer was a Mr. N. D. Mayne-Upson. Since it contained certain local Kenya references, I have paraphrased it and condensed it. But the parts which it contained seem to me profoundly disturbing, and deserving of wide publicity and grave and responsible consideration.

Mr. Mayne-Upson said that he had lately tried to obtain a contingency insurance against political developments preventing him from remaining on his farm for three years and, during that time, completing a certain project. He listed four possible eventualities which, in his view, could be defined as " preventing ":

1. The murder of 10 per cent. of the farmers in the Trans Nzoia region;
2. The evacuation of 80 per cent. of farmers in the district;
3. Inability of the railway to move a load to the coast;
4. The destruction of his project.

First he made his proposal to an insurance firm in London. They replied that, in present circumstances, a cover of this kind could only be offered on a three-monthly basis. "That," he commented crisply, "is the degree of their confidence in our future." He then applied to two firms in Kenya. The representative of the first firm " merely laughed, and asked me not to embarrass him." The manager of the second made a great many notes and thereafter elapsed into silence. When prodded by Mr. Mayne-Upson, he replied that Lloyd's was not prepared to accept the risk.

If I were Mr. Mayne-Upson, confronted with this bleak assessment of my and my life-work's chances of survival, I doubt if I should have overmuch confidence in the protestations of officials or politicians, whether white or black, that everything is going to go swimmingly once power is vested in the hands of Mr. Tom Mboya or one of his rivals or associates. In face of the great awakening of Africa, and conscious of the magnificent gusts of the wind of change, is it cowardly, alarmist or selfish of white farmers to be anxious about their future? They, after all, are a great deal nearer to the Congolese Republic than we are here in Britain. When they hear—and see practical first-hand evidence—of the confusion, brutality, corruption and fantastic inefficiency of Mr. Lumumba and his " army," it is not easy for them to maintain an attitude of calm, tolerant objectivity. What purpose is there—other than the morally repulsive one of handing them over to subjection to black African tyranny—in trying to bully, cajole, and persuade them into non-resistance to the swift and total transfer of power?

Count d'Aspremont Lynden, a special envoy of the Belgian Government, watches the ceremony in which U.N. troops took over in Elisabethville, Katanga

Oh, they are told, there won't be the admittedly regrettable collapse of law and order that there has been in the Congo! But this, it appears, is not the view held at Lloyd's. Is Mr. Mboya any less hysterical, any more experienced or trustworthy than Mr. Lumumba? Ah well, the vapid patter of false reassurance continues. British troops in Kenya will ensure that the transfer of power is smooth and orderly. How soon will it be—forty-eight hours or a week—after " independence " that Mr. Mboya will be screaming for the immediate evacuation of all British troops, as a danger to " his " country's security, as spies and saboteurs? Let him have one Russian Ilyushin aircraft and the control of Nairobi's broadcasting station, and he will be able to cause a great deal of mischief.

Ah, but then comes the next splendid step in the process of liberation: enter the United Nations. Mr. Hammarskjold, Dr. Bunche, and a huge gaggle of officials and staff officers, their zeal for ousting the wicked imperialist-colonialist adventurers and exploiters much strengthened by their experiences in the Congo. Ugly skirmishes at the airport, Swedes and Canadians mistaken for criminal British, stripped, searched, beaten and shamed; all N.C.O.s in the King's African Rifles immediately promoted to the rank of Captain; Mr. Macleod explaining to the House of Commons that we, in Britain, have made our mistakes too, and doubtless we have attempted too much too soon, being congratulated on his courage by Mr. Callaghan, and getting a whacking great vote of confidence.

Ridiculous bogeys that man Connell is raising, cry the apologists, a dangerous fellow, spreading alarm and despondency. *It won't be like that at all.* I am sorry, but I would rather take counsel of my own grim fears than put an ounce of faith in their glib, casuistical and heartless reassurances. In Kenya itself—particularly in the farming districts—the prelude to political and social catastrophe is economic paralysis. And let nobody think that it is not happening now. I have a formidable accumulation of evidence to prove that the malady is already far advanced. Kenya farmers write to me, in considerable numbers. Each has a story to tell, and all the stories are variations on one sombre theme: the conviction that the British Government are determined to force the white settler to remain as the bondsman of the successor African administration—inexperienced, hostile and vindictive though this is bound to be—or to abandon, if he can, all that he has built up in Kenya.

I can cite the experience and the views of one family, typical of many: a retired Regular lieutenant-colonel and his wife, now nearing seventy, with two sons, both members of the English bar. Since 1947, the colonel has farmed some 1,600 acres which march with the forest, not (as he has remarked) the easiest of situations during the Mau-Mau rebellion. His and his wife's life savings—some £35,000—have been put into buying and building up their farm. Even at half its valuation they cannot find a buyer. It is indeed highly improbable that they could get £5,000 for it, because there simply are no buyers. What sort of hope have they? Confiscation without recompense? One of their sons has already given up a lucrative Nairobi practice and returned to England, because he sees no future for British effort in general in Kenya or for his children in particular. The other, who was a Sudan civil servant, is now a magistrate. Is he, married and with three children, to face for the second time the abrupt destruction of his career, probably without compensation?

The abandonment of political responsibility by the British Government in East and Central Africa can, and almost certainly will, cause havoc and grief on a very large scale, even without the horrible Congolese accompaniments of barbarous cruelty, rape and moral and physical humiliation. As Mr. Evelyn Waugh, in his perceptive and extraordinarily interesting account of a recent visit to Africa, has sapiently observed: "The foundations of Empire are often occasions of woe: their dismemberment, always."

It is on this implacable element of sorrow in what is happening that I feel compelled again and again to lay stress. I do so because I believe it to be morally imperative, on anyone who thinks and feels as I do, to try to arouse public opinion in the United Kingdom before it is too late; and because I am aware that astonishingly few of the men who interest themselves in, write or speak about African affairs nowadays, have the slightest sympathy for or understanding of the plight of some of the best and most enterprising and most spirited people of our stock; and, even if they are factually aware of that plight, are without any sustained compassion towards those who are suffering it.

In the ultimate analysis I find the attitude of supporters of African nationalism towards British settlers in Africa both dreadful and inexplicable. I simply cannot understand how it is possible to reject, with chilly, priggish contempt, the natural ties of kinship and affection. For those who are being betrayed are not strangers and aliens: they are our own folk, in the most literal meaning of that phrase. However correct, in terms of abstract politics, the claims of African nationalism may be, I am sure that it is morally debased to put them above our own duty to our own people, who have a plain right to our trust, support and help.

On August 18, H.M.S. *Hermes*, the Royal Navy's latest aircraft carrier, sailed into Algiers harbour on a four-day visit. On her deck were Sea Vixen and Scimitar aircraft, and anti-submarine Whirlwind helicopters, as well as part of her complement of 189 officers and 1,643 ratings. From the North African port she sailed for this country, to take part in the Home Fleet's autumn exercises in northern waters. In command of the 741½-ft.-long aircraft carrier is Captain D. S. Tibbits, who is a navigation specialist. *Hermes* was laid down in June 1944, but it was not until nine years later that she was launched, by Lady Churchill. She was commissioned in November last year. The aircraft carrier is fully air-conditioned for service in any part of the world. Originally a sister ship of the Centaur Class, *Hermes* is now known as the Hermes Class (Modernised). Her improved equipment, developed since the war, includes steam catapults and deck-edge lifts. She was built by Vickers-Armstrongs Ltd.

SHOWING THE FLAG

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At Christie's, in London, examples of American silver and furniture are on show until September 25

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2

THE GREAT POWERS AND THE SMALL. Ten years' deprivation of liberty was certainly a moderate sentence on General Eisenhower for the crime which the U.S.S.R. was invited to believe he had committed on the Soviet Union. Its moderation was no doubt the result of some splendid propaganda: Mr. Khrushchev's desire to show to the world the vast advance in civilised behaviour made since the days of Stalin, and to prove that the vaunted judicial systems of the West, in their dignity and impartiality, can be well matched in modern Russia. And indeed there was no lack of humanity and fairness in the treatment of the victim of an incident for which the American President is held primarily responsible. Whatever Powers' position may have been, he was tried as a belligerent rather than as a peacetime spy, no doubt to impress on the Russian people the imminence of America's belligerency against the U.S.S.R. Francis Powers, then, was the pawn on the chess-board of Great Powers, and it may well be that he will cease to be of any importance, now that the game has been won and Mr. Khrushchev's objects attained. I doubt if he will serve even three years of rigorous imprisonment. I feel no doubt that he will be humanely treated, and perhaps the bulk of his detention in Russia may be so humanised as to encourage him to remain, like Burgess or Maclean, foreigners who have seen the light and prefer to " live their lives in a rational and up-and-coming polity rather than in an outworn and decadent." His capture and trial have certainly been humiliating for Mr. Eisenhower at the end of his long and honourable service for the Western alliance. *His* moves on the chess-board have been latterly rather those of a knight than a queen.

CRIMINAL RECORDS. Once or twice I have looked in on Mr. Christopher Mayhew's TV " documentary " on crime, prisons and theories of prison treatment. It is all very cosy. The scenes in the modern open prisons, with their fine gardens and endless opportunities for sport, suggest a Butlin's holiday camp keyed to the tastes of university graduates; and Mr. Mayhew's discussions with criminals are for all the world like a house master's " discussion hour " with his choicest sixth form boys. It is practically impossible to remind yourself that one of these bright boys was perhaps put away for a long stretch for attempted murder, another a burglar in a big way and a third perhaps a bank forger or embezzler. Their criticisms of prison regime are sympathetically invited and listened to with the greatest respect. So cosy is the atmosphere that you rather expect to hear a request for different flowers and shrubs in the autumn borders. Some of the older prison officers chosen for interview clearly share some of my surprise at Mr. Mayhew's privileged presentment, but for the most part the prison staff, from Governors downwards, take it all as quite natural that they and the criminals should provide the cast and the scenery for an off-season entertainment for the intelligentsia. Wakefield, it seems, has a good record for reform and cure. But it is puzzling to hear the conclusion of the whole matter—the play's epilogue: " Tough treatment doesn't deter—kind treatment doesn't reform." Whether it 's oakum and the treadmill or roses and games, the question of whether a man goes straight or for ever crooked is settled quite accurately from his character in early youth as shaped by his background, before he receives his first course of reformative treatment for a proved offence. So what? So why? No doubt, the play 's the thing. And in amateur theatricals, it is recognised that most of the fun is enjoyed by the members of the cast. But the lavish scenery and setting must cost a lot of money.

OLYMPIC GAMES. August and September have long been the months *par excellence* for the unseating of reason and for violence in speech and action, even when the sun shines, and every prospect pleases, and only man is vile. Certainly continuous rain in these months does not cool men's heads. Then came the Olympic Games; and of all the hoped-for records, the best to be achieved in Rome would be the absence of " incidents " and international quarrels and jealousies. No doubt, *that* record is too much to ask from Olympus. For the gods must all list among their " recreations " in the Olympian *Who's Who* the spectacle of the nations enjoying friendly rivalry in sport. Mars above all gods would keenly feel the deprivation, if the Games pass off without a breeze, or if the question of " throwing " at cricket were to be solved with entire mutual agreement. The gods, too, must revel in the evolution of the language spoken in the Babel of sport. The word *catastrophe*, for instance. When the gods were younger, they liked to think the word was applied only to some cataclysmic ruin caused on earth by a thunderbolt from their boss, flung in a moment of anger or irritation. To-day they see it applied to an umpire's cry of " no ball " or to a misunderstanding in the international quarters at a Games stadium. It has become much too strong a word to apply to the tragic consequences of social, economic or political intemperance or to the convulsions of nature. The game 's the thing.

" THREATENED CITY." Clearly, Lord David Cecil has only scratched the surface of the problem of making the University centre of Oxford a precinct. It is not enough to close Magdalen Bridge, and so on, and to make a ring wall round the centre. The Warden of All Souls' pleaded for a shopping precinct for dons and undergraduates, but this, it has been pointed out, would open the University's gate to the Trojan horse. The walker and the bicyclist and the bus passenger would crowd the privileged from the counters. The shops themselves must go to a new town some way beyond the ivory tower and the undergraduates and dons will have to walk or bicycle out for their special brands of tobacco, their club ties, their shirtings and their silverware and establish their debit accounts along the ring-roads. The shops must go and can be replaced by excellent lodgings for students or conveniently central houses for dons. The danger is that the precincts of learning may become too austere even for professors. Parents of undergraduates may welcome the

The scene at the National Radio and Television Show at Earls Court, London, which this year was larger than ever. The Show ends to-day (September 3)

The first vertical section of one of the main towers of the new road bridge across the Firth of Forth is moved into position. The £15,000,000 bridge should be ready in 1963

idea as a slight deterrent to running up bills for unnecessary luxuries, but it seems hard, on even serious students, that they must tramp off every day (as did Swinburne up Putney Hill) for their "elevenses" or buy their tobacco by the pound to save their legs. I am afraid the shops—not least the bookshops and print-shops—are very much a part of the soul of Oxford—the secret none can utter—and that part of the soul would wither away if the new town at Headington or Hinksey materialised and what remained in the precinct would soon be mummified.

DO-IT-YOURSELF. The seamen's strike suggested many interesting debating points. The *Sylvania's* successful and happy voyage to Montreal (now ancient history) from strike-bound Britain opened up all sorts of possibilities for educationists and for every man jack of us. In the *Sylvania*, manned in the stewards' department by schoolboys and schoolgirls, the waiters "learned while they earned" and the passengers, thankful for small mercies, were co-operative and did not ask for miracles. It was a happy ship. Which of us wouldn't rejoice to have the knowledge to "do it ourselves": to retile our roofs, to re-glaze our windows, to knock out the dents in our mudguards and otherwise "mend" our clothes, cars and our boots, make our own clothes, from tending the sheep to weaving the wool, and generally to be independent of the help of "organised" workers who always want more from us and more for themselves. The boy or girl of the future should be trained from infancy to be a jack-of-all-trades. Then there would be less need to be a master of one. It would be a paying profession. For if everybody were capable at a pinch of doing almost any job just adequately in an emergency, the specialists would find that a good deal of their powers of blackmail were vanishing and employers would almost welcome wild-cat strikes as an opportunity for cheaper labour and sweeter relations in industry. And *some* of these technical jobs, which we are led to believe only long experience can do, can be learned in a surprisingly short time by an intelligent, observant person. I am not sure that a nation of handymen is not a more practical ideal than a nation of shop stewards, and it may not prove so precarious an existence for a nation "taking in each other's washing" as is our present dependence on reluctant and greedy and undisciplined experts. And if it meant that we must do without some of the really abstruse and highly technical jobs, such as nuclear matters, we must bear the deprivation philosophically.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO: The picture of the official proclamation of war being read in the City of London was published in *The Sphere* in September 1939. It was taken after the Prime Minister, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, had made his broadcast to the nation on the morning of Sunday, September 3, 1939

ROAD SAFETY IN COLOURED PLASTICS. Plastics are to be the road-building materials of the future, provided they can be made non-skid and traction-perfect. An experiment is already being prepared at Duisberg, in Germany; and the plastics will be multi-coloured. Each colour will tell a different story and eliminate all sorts of road-signs and finger-posts. If every road sign is to be eliminated, every shade of colour must be used. Nothing could be simpler than to be led to some out-of-the-way town with A.A. direction to "keep on the Eton blue." Then there would be colours for speed limits: green for maximum 30 m.p.h.; amber for 40-50 m.p.h.; blood-red for no limit. Imaginatively devised, the colours could tell much more and make motoring romantic again. Black and grey for roads leading to or through ugly industrial areas, but butter and rose, silver and gold, for pastoral scenes and seaside approaches. Purple for the moorlands and navy-blue for ports. The only danger which will not be eliminated will be the off-chance of meeting a colour-blind driver. In the last decade, we and most other nations have been experimenting in devising the means to avert all kinds of dangers, from defence against nuclear aggression to risks on the roads or in the home. If some actuary, heading for the madhouse, were to try to estimate the cost, in England alone, of all the devices which have been tried out and scrapped, I wonder how many noughts his round figure in pounds would carry?

THE OLD STAGER

Jennifer Wright (Mary); Kynaston Reeves (Sir Hugo Slate); Michael Redgrave (Jack Dean); Catherine Lacey (Gwendoline Dean); and Alan Dobie (Louis)

ENTERTAINMENT

THE TIGER AND THE HORSE

Robert Bolt's new play at the Queen's Theatre

University life would seem a natural field for exploitation by dramatists and novelists: the inhabitants are capable of coherent explanation, and the closely knit society is productive of tensions. There is little more bitter in politics than college elections. Robert Bolt's play is set in a major university at a time when there is an election for the Vice-Chancellorship. It concerns Jack Dean, a Master of a college. His wife wants to sign a petition in favour of unconditional nuclear disarmament, but is at first dissuaded since it would be unfavourable to her husband's chances of the Vice-Chancellorship. Also in the family are two daughters, the younger of whom is seduced by a young Research Fellow, becomes pregnant, and refuses to marry her lover. But the main conflict of the play is between Jack Dean, formerly a distinguished astronomer who evades any involvement in his family's affairs; and his wife, a neurotic, who has a terrifying nervous breakdown.

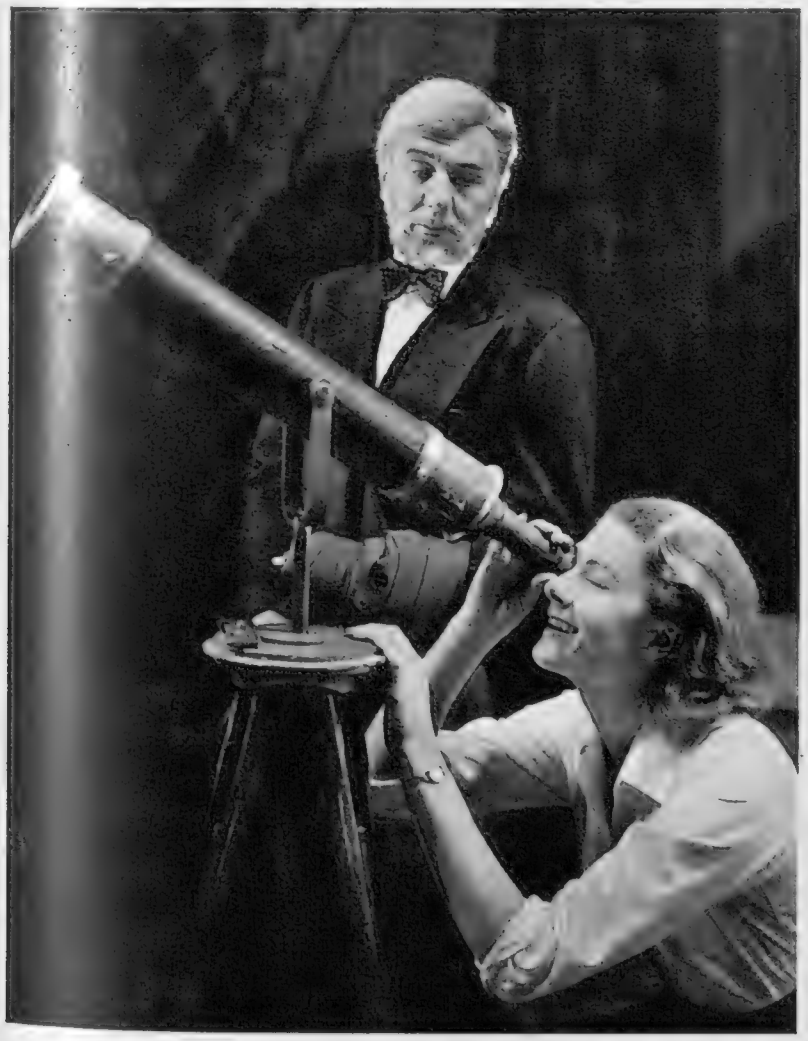
The title of the play is taken from one of Blake's gnomic utterances—" The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction." (Emotional energy is of more worth than sterile philosophy.) Jack Dean's liberal detachment is tested and found inadequate in face of a series of family crises. By all accounts the appeal of the play lies as much in the magnificent acting as in the writing. Both Sir Michael Redgrave as Jack Dean and his daughter Vanessa Redgrave, as the younger daughter, Stella, give much applauded performances, as does Catherine Lacey as the emotionally tortured wife and Alan Dobie as the Research Fellow from the working classes. The play is running at the Queen's Theatre, almost next door to the Globe Theatre where Robert Bolt's *A Man for All Seasons* stars Paul Scofield. These two contrasted dramas form a remarkable achievement by the playwright, whose first play in London *Flowering Cherry* was a major success.

Jennifer Wright, Kynaston Reeves, and Vanessa Redgrave (Stella)

Father and daughter—Vanessa Redgrave and Sir Michael Redgrave

Catherine Lacey (Gwendoline Dean) and Vanessa Redgrave (her daughter, Stella)

Stella, with her father, sister, mother, lover, and Sir Hugo, in a scene from Act I, set in the study of Jack Dean, Master of a college in one of the major universities



The Redgraves in a scene from Act II

A moment of anguish—the Master and his wife, Gwendoline

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

NEW ZEALAND

The Food Fair, which opened in London on September 1, provides an opportunity to assess the extent of New Zealand's contribution to Britain's larder. It is a very sizeable contribution indeed, especially when the relative smallness of the New Zealand population—still less than 2,500,000—is considered. The export of a fairly limited range of primary products is the basis for New Zealand's economy. Except for wool the most important of these are food—meat (lamb and mutton) and dairy products (butter and cheese). Under both headings New Zealand is the world's largest exporter, and the largest portion of these exports comes to Britain—about 290,000 tons of lamb and mutton, or 80 per cent. of Britain's imports; 76,000 tons of cheese, or 56 per cent. of Britain's imports and 160,000 tons of butter, or 41 per cent. of the imports.

It is a success story which began in 1882, when a sailing vessel brought the first refrigerated cargo, of meat, from New Zealand. After a voyage long by to-day's standards, it was landed in perfect condition at Smithfield to be sold at about 6d. a lb., in an appreciative country which the industrial revolution and consequent drift from the farms had made very short of food indeed. From the day the ship arrived a change in the eating habits of the people of Britain is said to have begun. It has certainly become possible for more and more meat to be eaten and to figure as a daily item of diet instead of a week-end treat.

Now refrigerated vessels bring more diverse cargoes of New Zealand foods to Britain—the butter and cheese and more than a million cases of apples and pears a year are the principal ones. As well as mutton and lamb, some New Zealand beef and pork comes here, and substantial quantities of New Zealand canned meats and New Zealand sausage skins. The dairy industry also contributes various by-products—dried, condensed and evaporated milk, and the like.

In a little more than a decade New Zealand has gained the position of Britain's largest outside supplier of tinned peas, and trade in frozen peas has developed also. Another New Zealand product well known in the United Kingdom is honey, either from the clover of pastures or the distinctive flavoured honey from New Zealand's native wild flowers. More fitfully, unfortunately, come odd little food items that really please the epicure. Perhaps the best known is the Chinese gooseberry, which is New Zealand only by adoption—an egg-sized, fur-covered fruit which grows well in New Zealand's sub-tropical regions. A wholly native product is the New Zealand whitebait—tiny, boneless fish about 2 ins. in length which provide one of the country's greatest delicacies.

New Zealand's great achievement, however, is in attaining front-rank importance as an exporter of high-quality farm produce. This achievement has been gained through the combination of favourable climate and other natural conditions with scientific specialisation. Agricultural scientists are key figures in the New Zealand economy and few countries can compare with her for efficiency in farming methods. This efficiency is strikingly demonstrated by the fact that the total labour force engaged in primary production is only about 145,000.

Keenness in agricultural science extends to the farmers themselves, who are eager to avail themselves of the help extended by the Government through its Department of Agriculture, its many research stations and by agricultural colleges. Many of New Zealand's farmers are in fact graduates of agricultural colleges or have ensured that their sons have taken a course at one. Maintaining the high quality of New Zealand food does not stop when the produce leaves the farm, the process continues at dairy factories and abattoirs. Before New Zealand produce reaches the ship's hold it is thoroughly examined by specially trained inspectors and graders, and again a system of inspection has long been established at the United Kingdom end to ensure that the produce reaches the British market in first-class condition.

During his visit to Northern Rhodesia, Dr. Esin, the Nigerian Minister of State for External Affairs, visited the African training centre at the Roan Antelope copper mine at Luanshya. Background, Mr. E. Bromwich (Chief of Studies), Mr. J. N. Ukegbu (the Nigerian *Chef de Protocol*), Dr. Esin, and Mr. H. J. Wedgwood (the mine manager) watch recruits undergoing instruction. To stimulate their interest, recruits are encouraged to bring their wives and families with them. (On October 1, *The Sphere* will publish a special section commemorating the Independence of Nigeria)

SOUTH AFRICA

South Africa is experiencing a good year for trade. Official statistics show that the favourable trade balance has been rising month by month and reports from various sectors of the country's export activity bear out the sharply rising export figures. In fact, in the first half of this year the country's favourable trade balance amounted to a substantial £73,100,000. Looking at the cold statistics, this was made up of exports (excluding gold) totalling £227,100,000 between January and June; imports amounting to £281,000,000; and gold bullion sales worth £127,100,000.

For many years the Union's export trade rested solely on minerals on the one hand and agricultural products on the other. Largely since the Second World War, however, a third substantial group of exports has been built up in the form of an increasingly diversified manufacturing industry. Gold, diamonds, manganese, wool, fruit and wine continue to play the important role that they have fulfilled in past decades, but it no longer particularly surprises a South African to read in his newspaper that his country is exporting iron and steel to Britain, to the United States or to Germany. It may seem a little ironical that people in Britain are importing Italian Alfa Romeos from South Africa because that is the only place in the world where they are assembled, with a right-hand drive. It is a fact bearing out the versatility of the Union's manufacturing industry that two churches in New Zealand will soon be installing organ pipes manufactured near Pretoria.

The Union is traditionally a pastoral country. This year's rising exports show the continuing importance of this sector of the economy. The earnings of the past season's wool clip have been provisionally fixed at £50,500,000—about £10,000,000 more than for the 1958-59 season. South Africa's fruit farmers are looking back on a record season in which 9,700,000 cases of grapes, apples, pears and other deciduous fruits were shipped mainly to the tables of Europe. The present citrus export season is expected to reach a record 9,500,000 cases and the latest reports indicate growing wine and tinned food sales abroad.

In the mining sector South Africa's name is primarily linked with gold. The sales of gold bullion in the first six months of this year have already been referred to. In this connection it is interesting to note that the bulk of these sales are on the London market. In the year ended March 31, 1960, about three-quarters of the Union's bullion (the value was £175,400,000) was sold on the London market. The gold mining industry expects this to be another record-breaking year. In the first six months production was worth £158,000,000 or about £12,000,000 more than between January and June last year. In the first half of this year there have been exports of atomic energy materials worth £24,100,000 and diamonds worth £20,600,000. Figures for the sale of other minerals are not quite as up to date, but in the first quarter of the year the value was £10,400,000 as against £8,400,000 in that period of 1959.

PAKISTAN

The remains of the earliest known mosque in the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent have been brought to light at Bhambore, near Karachi, during the third season of excavations which has just ended. Two of the dated Kufic inscriptions found from the mosque area mention the dates of 109 A.H. (A.D. 727) and 294 A.H. (A.D. 907). The mosque measures 128 ft. by 122 ft. with a fine well-preserved brick-laid courtyard in the centre, measuring 75 ft. by 58 ft. There are remains of cloisters and corridors on three sides with double rows of stone pillar bases and, on the fourth, which is the western side, there is the spacious prayer chamber with thirty-three pillar bases arranged in three rows. There is no Mehrab in the centre of the Qibla wall, as the concave Mehrab was introduced for the first time when Al-Walid rebuilt and enlarged the mosque at Medina. (*Note:* The Mehrab is the Moorish arch and Qibla is the direction which the worshipper faces towards Mecca while at prayer.)

WEALTH

New Zealand's food exports to Britain; South Africa's trade; an important archæological discovery in Pakistan; Ghana's Volta River project

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

The ground plan of the mosque resembles those of the Jami Masjid of Basra and Kufa built by Said bin Abihi in 45 A.H. (A.D. 665) and in 50 A.H. (A.D. 670), and the Grand Mosque of Wasit built by Al Hajjah in 63 A.H. (A.D. 702), which also did not have the Mehrab. Other interesting features of the mosque include a lime-plastered ablution platform and a large drain near it on the western side to drain out rain-water from the open courtyard, two main entrances on the eastern and northern sides and a minor entrance on the western side connected with a small descending staircase outside.

In all, eight Kufic inscriptions have been recovered from the mosque area. They are carved in different styles than dressed stone slabs. It is significant that the date of the conquest of Daibul is not very far from the date of the early inscription, that is 109 A.H., which in all probability was fixed on the mosque building. The second date inscription (294 A.H.) indicates that the mosque remained in use for a long time. The inscriptions mention the names of the reigning Amirs, but these are not perfectly decipherable as the letters were found damaged. They are under study, however, by the Directorate of Archæology.

A number of decipherable silver and copper coins discovered this year from the early Islamic level corroborate the evidence of the inscriptions. One of the dated silver coins belongs to Hisham bin Abdul Malik, another to Al-Mamun, while some copper coins were found on closer examination to belong to Hisham bin Amr, the Governor of the second Abbasid Caliph, Al-Mansur.

GHANA

The announcement that Ghana was obtaining loans totalling £30,000,000 from Britain, America and the World Bank (to which Ghana will add £30,000,000 of her own) brings the Volta River Project nearer to fruition than it has ever been before. The long story of this great scheme may now be entering its final chapter. The possibilities of such an enterprise have been known for a long time. An ideal situation for an aluminium-producing project requires two things: big deposits of bauxite, the raw material from which the metal is made; and a waterway big enough to provide hydro-electric power for the smelter. (Canada has to get her bauxite for the huge Kitimat scheme from British Guiana, and have it processed in Jamaica.) Ghana has both these natural resources, pretty well adjoining each other. It has been estimated that her vast deposits of bauxite are enough to produce 210,000 tons of aluminium annually for 200 years; and the Volta, which meanders down the eastern part of the country, is well capable of being dammed to drive the power-producing turbines.

Various reports and commissions noted these possibilities from the 1920s, but it was not until 1953 that a thorough investigation was undertaken. Sir Robert Jackson, an Australian expert on development schemes, was appointed to head an investigation which lasted three years. The summary of these findings (contained in three sizeable volumes) was that the Volta River Project was technically sound and could be operated competitively. The great stumbling block was the question of cost: the Commission estimated this at between £160,000,000 and £230,000,000, depending on the output and stage of production. With all her other development bills to face, Ghana could not raise that kind of sum, neither could it be readily found in the finance markets of the world.

In the summer of 1958, as a result of a meeting between Dr. Nkrumah and President Eisenhower, the engineering reports were brought up-to-date by representatives of the Henry J. Kaiser Company. Their recommendations included a change of the dam site and suggested a generating plant with an installed capacity of 768,000 kilowatts costing about £55,700,000. The Americans thought the work could be carried out in five-and-a-half years. The period since this report has been taken up with a great deal of travelling by Ghana's energetic Minister of Finance, Mr. K. A. Gbedemah (who has lost count of the number of times he has flown over the Atlantic, but thinks it is about forty). The announcement of the forthcoming loans is a personal triumph for him, as well as Ghana's best prospect yet for moving her economy from the uncertainties of the cocoa market.

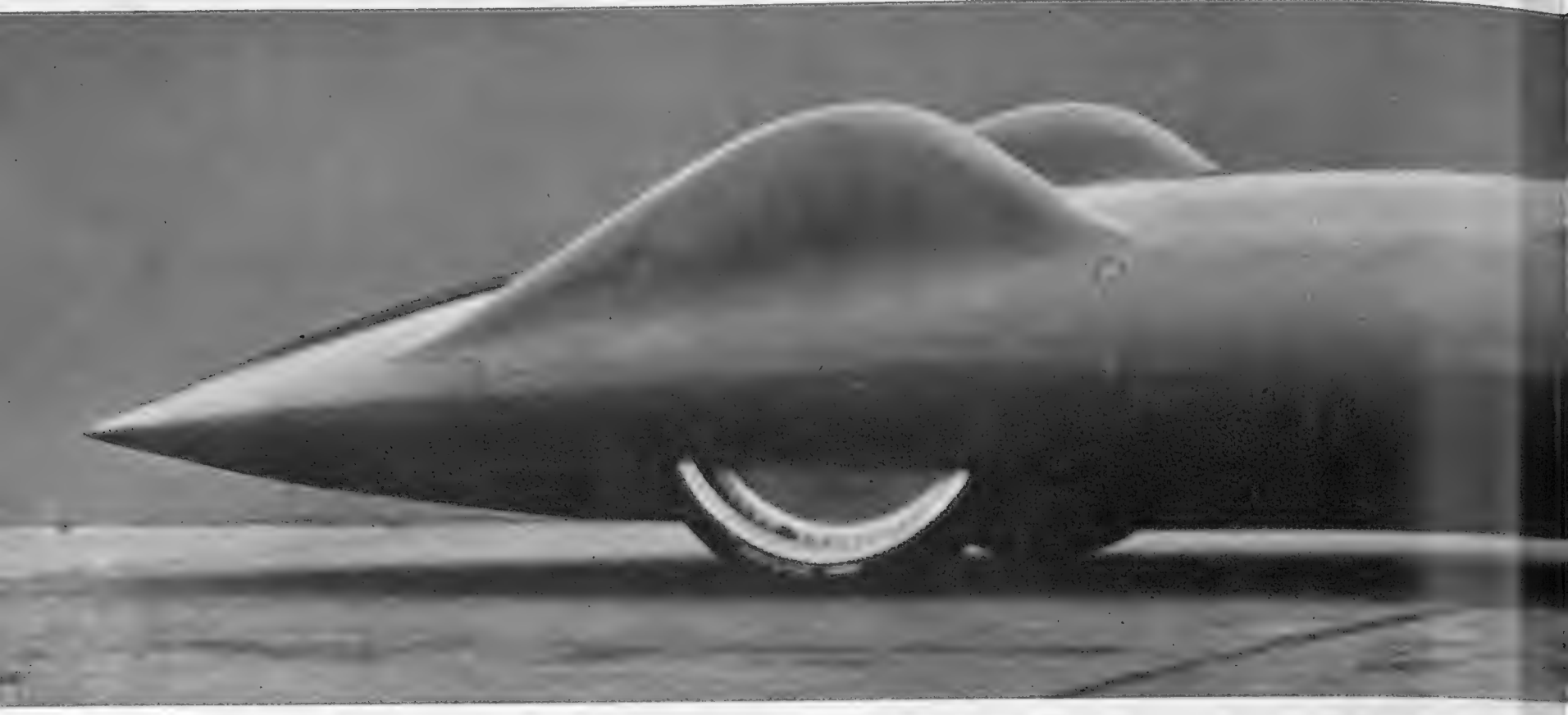
On board the *Iberia* on their way back to Australia are six young Australian farmers, the winners of the P. & O. "Canberra" Award for 1960. They had spent seven months in Britain. From left to right are Adrian Scott, Ian Adamson, Alan Gardner, Bill McInnes, Pat Wundersitz and Mary Busher

At the Royal Albert Dock, London, the New Zealand Government's new motor vessel *Moana Roa* is loaded for her maiden voyage to the Pacific. She was built for the Governmental service between New Zealand and the Cook Islands. (Details of the *Moana Roa's* service were given in last week's The Voice of the Commonwealth)

MALAYA

(The second part of a contribution on Malaya's Agriculture and Fisheries)

The Director of Fisheries, Mr. Soon Ming Kong, told the Press that the fishing industry was now able to produce "double cropping" of fish in certain parts of the east coast. As a result of recommendations made by the F.A.O. expert on fish, Mr. Y. Mokokawa, local fishermen were able to adopt the Japanese method of fishing at night with lamps attached to their gear, he said. The light is used to catch ikan bilis and ikan tamban. Most of the "double cropping" of fish is being carried out on Pangkor Island and Pulau Langkawi. Another successful method is the introduction of Japanese anythetic nets which are cheap and light. Using this new type of nets, fishermen on the east and west coasts have netted 22,000 dollars' worth of billis and other fish in a few months. The net costs about 6,400 dollars. Immediately after this successful operation, the fishermen have ordered eight more of these nets. Investigations on tuna fishing have not been very successful because these types of fish are not found within 30 miles of the coast. However, the results of these investigations have proved that there are plenty of swordfish—most of them weighing more than 200 lb. each. The Director said that there was a good market of this fish in Japan, where it was considered an expensive type of fish.



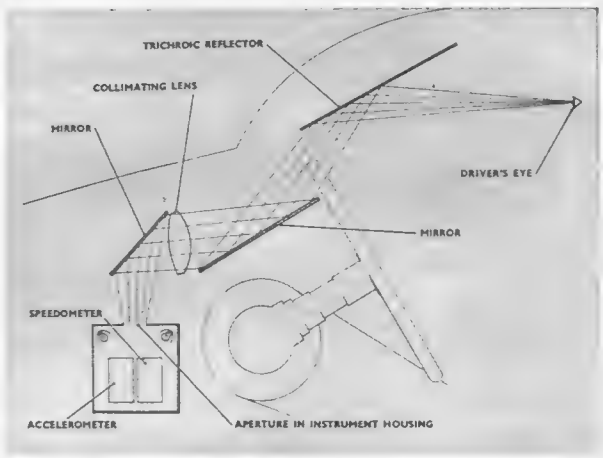
The new *Bluebird*, driven by Donald Campbell, is due to make its attempt on the landspeed record at the beginning of this month

FASTEST ON LAND?

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

Any day now a turbine-engined car named *Bluebird* with Union Jacks proudly painted on its beautifully streamlined body will flash across the Bonneville Salt Flats at Utah at a speed which may be considerably faster than any man has ever before attained on land. Crouching in a tiny cockpit in the nose of the enormous, 4½-ton projectile will be Mr. Donald Campbell, 39-year-old only son of the late Sir Malcolm Campbell, who between 1924 and 1935 broke the world land speed record nine times, raising it from 146 m.p.h. to 301 m.p.h.

Donald Campbell's ambition is to smash the late John Cobb's thirteen-year-old record of 394.196 m.p.h. by such a margin that it will be unbeatable for years to come. *Bluebird* is powered by a Bristol-Siddeley Proteus gas turbine engine of 4,250 brake horse-power. It is similar to the engines which propel the Britannia prop-jet airliners, and is capable of hurling *Bluebird* over the 2½-in. crust of the Salt Lake at 500 miles an hour. At idling speed it produces as much power as many Grand Prix cars. *Bluebird* has taken five years to design and build. It is the end product of one of the most spectacular co-operative efforts ever undertaken by British industry. It has cost nearly £1,500,000. Sixty-nine different firms have pooled their financial and technical resources to enable *Bluebird* to hurtle from one end of the salt lake to the other—a distance of fifteen miles—in two minutes. Nearly 1,000,000 skilled man-hours have gone into this fantastic enterprise. More than 5,000 drawings had to be prepared. Some of the best technical brains in Britain have spent hundreds of hours working on the project.



The diagram shows the arrangement of mirrors and lens by which speedometer and accelerometer readings are made to appear as if projected on the track 100 yards ahead of the driver

The panel with special attachment casing, upper centre

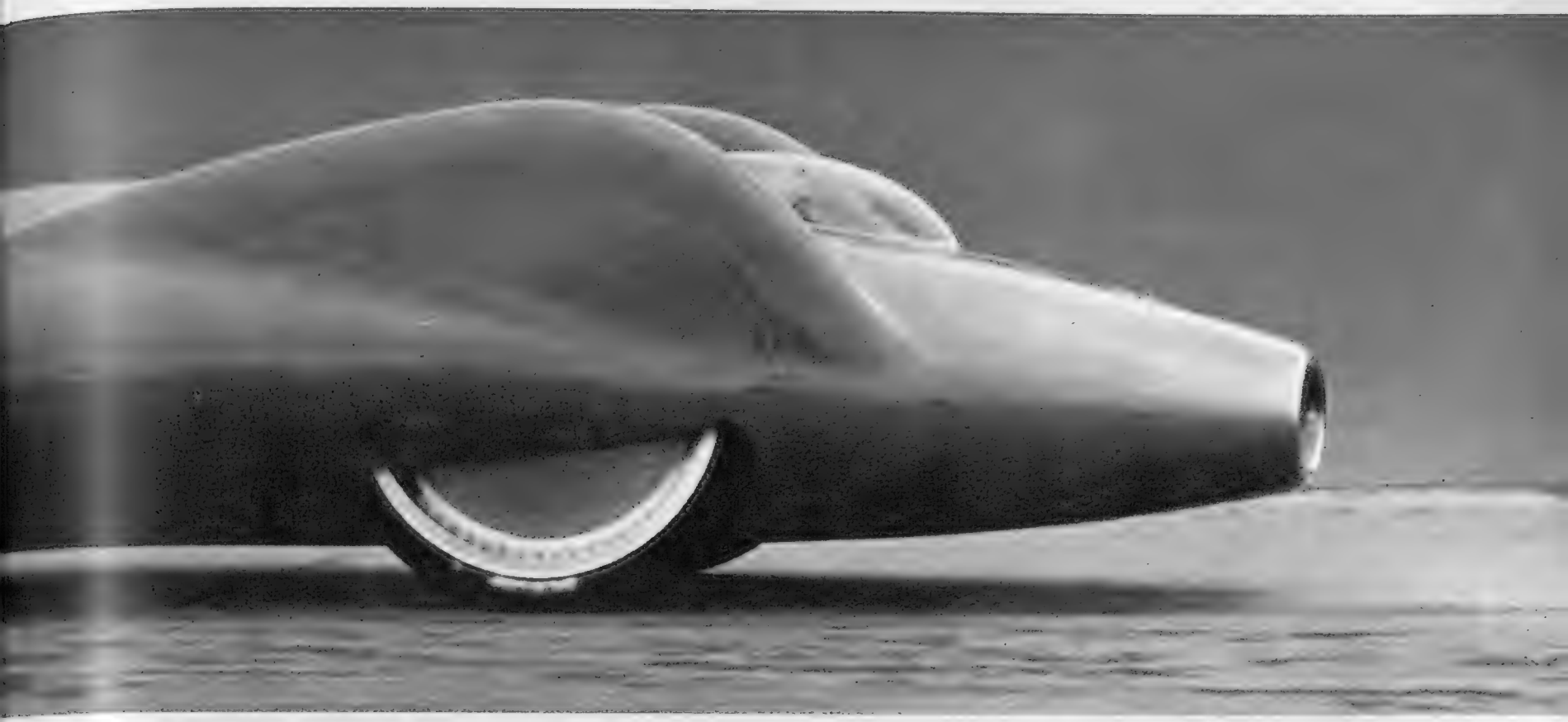
The idea was born in November 1955 when, after setting up a water speed record on Lake Mead, Nevada, Campbell decided he wanted to emulate the feat of his father in holding land and water speed records simultaneously; if possible, to set up new land and water records in the same year. He obtained the promise of financial backing from a number of firms and approached Norris Bros., the Burgess Hill (Sussex) firm of consulting engineers who, after helping his father so greatly, designed Donald's jet-propelled *Bluebird* hydroplane boat. The firm is run by three brothers: Kenneth, Lewis and Eric. Kenneth Norris (aged thirty-eight) and Lewis Norris (thirty-five) are the technical experts.

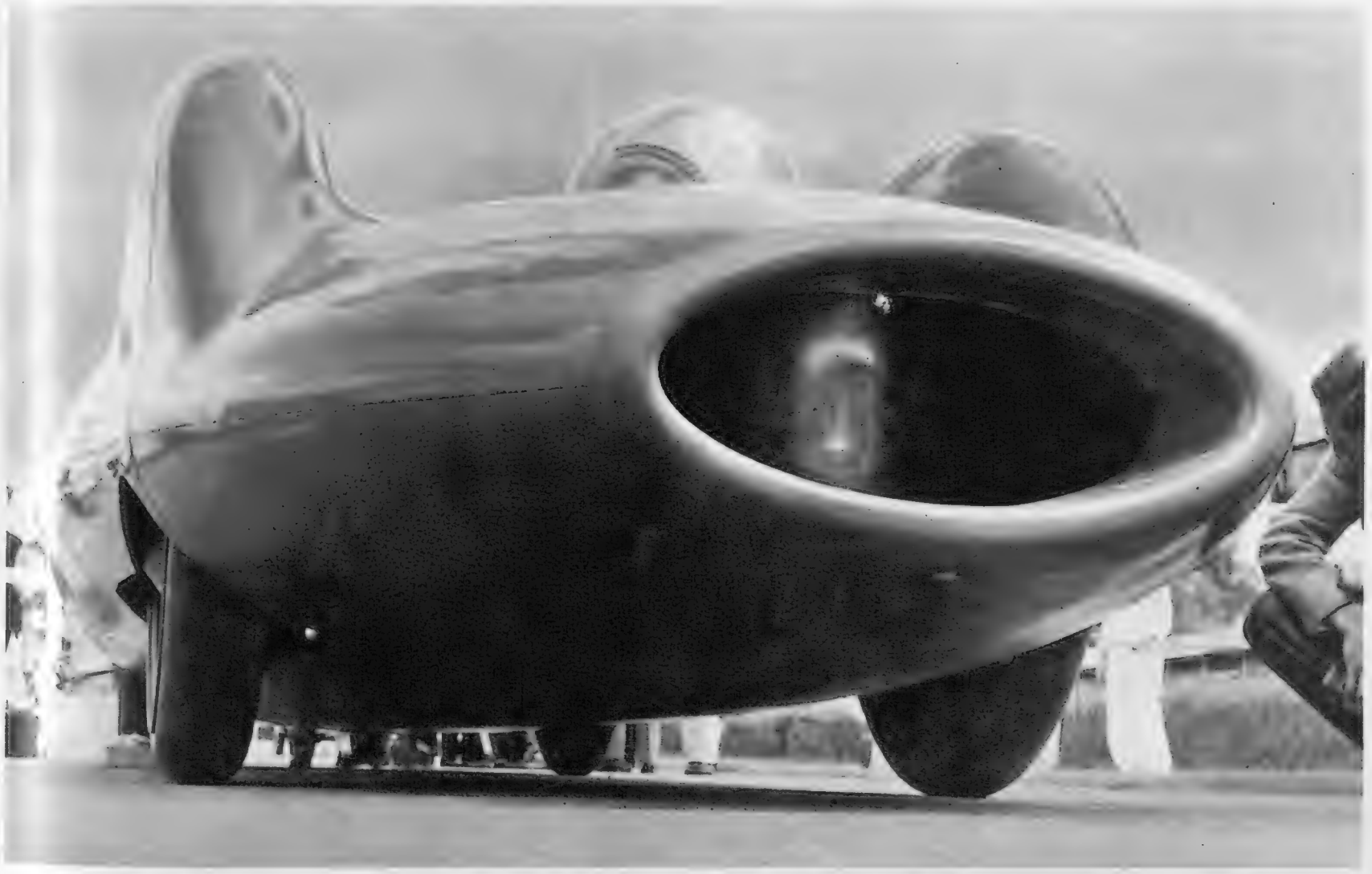
"We designed the latest *Bluebird* round a Bristol-Siddeley Proteus gas-turbine engine specially modified to drive all four wheels," Kenneth Norris told me. "I myself was responsible for the car's aerodynamic form. We tried various shapes. The one we finally adopted, after wind-tunnel tests at London University, droops slightly at both ends, rather like a banana. We found it to be the best shape for coping with the uplift and downward pressure resulting from the aerodynamic forces set up. The risk of the car 'taking off' is only one problem. You can have the opposite effect, with the car becoming twice its normal weight. If that happened you would almost drive it into the ground."

Bluebird, now waiting with a team of twenty-eight men for the word "Go" at Bonneville, is the answer to this and many other problems reached by experts in the many firms who have collaborated in the venture. These firms are too numerous to list here, but let me repeat the names of a few to whom Campbell paid special tribute in a recent speech: The Rubery-Owen Organisation, B.P., Dunlop, Lucas, Girling, Bristol-Siddeley and Rover.

Shortly before *Bluebird* was shipped to America, Donald Campbell took me to Coventry in his private aircraft—a Piper *Comanche*—from an airfield near his Surrey home to make a last check-up. "It will be the last time I shall see *Bluebird*," he said, "until I get to Utah, which I have not visited for twenty-five years—since I was there with my father when he became the first man to exceed 300 m.p.h. on land." *Bluebird*—or CN7 if we are to use the car's official designation—had been taken back to Coventry after the handling tests at Goodwood: to the plant of Motor Panels Ltd.—a unit of the giant Owen Organisation, one of the biggest privately-owned groups of companies in Britain—where the huge car had been assembled.

Campbell had a long chat with Mr. Leo Villa, that fabulous mechanic who for forty years has been chief engineer to Sir Malcolm and his son.





From ground level, can be seen the car's aerodynamic form, slightly drooping towards the oval air intake at the front

Mr. Villa has supervised the assembly of *Bluebird* and he is in charge of Campbell's crew at Bonneville. During our flight I asked Campbell what he though of his prospects with *Bluebird*. " It is a great adventure and a great human endeavour " he said. " I have a feeling we shall do well, but I realise better than most what an awful lot of things there are that can go wrong. I don't mind confessing that I shall be a very frightened man as I sit in that little cockpit waiting to press the button of the warning hooter that will tell the ground crew when I am ready to go. I have done no special training for this record attempt. I learnt my lesson when I cut out smoking and drinking while waiting for the right kind of weather on one of my water speed bids. I became so nervy that my doctor told me to go back to my normal habits."

I asked Campbell if he was at all superstitious. " Certainly," he said. " I think it 's a luxury we can all afford. I carry a St. Christopher badge round my neck. It was given me by my father. Attached to the instrument panel will be a Bluebird badge given me by one of my boat crews. And I expect I shall have with me in the cockpit the little teddy bear Whopit, given me by a friend as a lucky charm some years ago." Campbell confessed that he has never yet driven faster than 140 m.p.h. That was in a Mercedes. But he has travelled at 286 m.p.h. in the *Bluebird* hydroplane in which he raised his own world water speed record to 260.35 m.p.h. on Coniston Water on May 14, 1959.

I discussed with Campbell the technique of driving his 500 m.p.h. *Bluebird*. " The engine will be started " he explained, " and run up to a pre-determined compressor speed with the car locked on the brakes. At that point I shall take my foot off the brake pedal and let the car accelerate at a controlled, progressive rate until maximum speed is

(*Continued on following page*)

FASTEST ON LAND?

(*Continued from previous pages*)

attained. Full torque can't be applied until the car has reached 200 m.p.h. If applied at a lower speed there would be drastic and perhaps catastrophic wheel-spin. When I come up to a certain mark on the course I 'll know that if I haven't got the car up to the required speed there will be no hope of a record on that run. Another mark will show me where I must start braking if I am to stop in time."

Campbell will be aided by a clever adaptation by the Kelvin Hughes division of S. Smith and Sons of the principle of the fighter pilot's reflector gunsight while he accelerates *Bluebird* across the salt. As he peers intently at the horizon he will see, reflected at eye level on his windscreen, the readings of his two most vital instruments: his speedometer and accelerometer. As Campbell will have to preserve a constant balance between speed and acceleration to keep within the safe limit of tyre adhesion he will have to keep his eye on the readings of these two instruments all the time. This windshield projection—to give the device its technical name—will enable the driver to do this without taking his eyes off the track. The reflected readings of the two moving dials will seem to be printed on the surface of the track 100 yards ahead of the car. A datum line, against which he will read the figures reflected from two semi-circular dials, will also serve as an aiming point on which to steer.

Squadron Leader Peter Carr, former test pilot and one-time commander of an R.A.F. Hunter squadron, is Campbell's reserve driver. Three years ago a Trustee Council was formed under the chairmanship of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, to take over the project in the event of Campbell's death or illness.

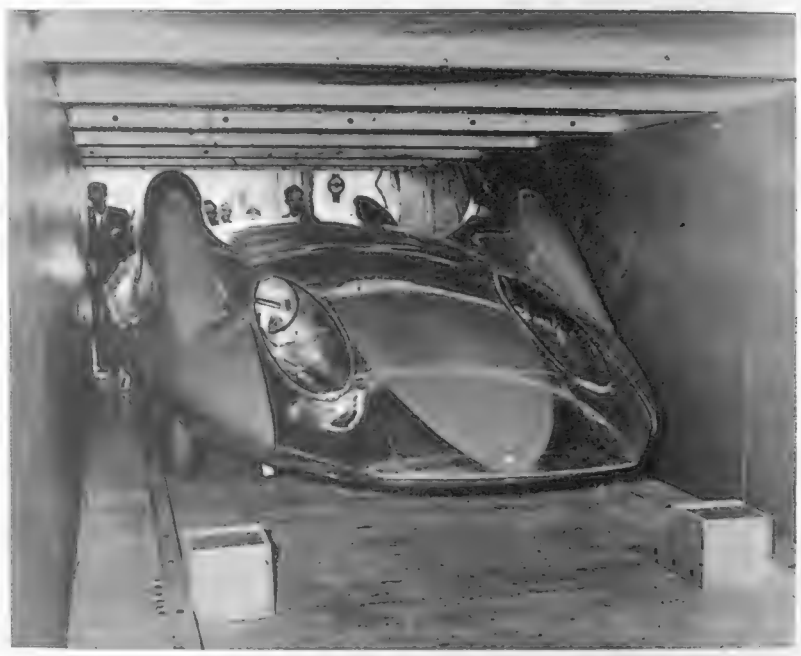
Bluebird has enormous wheels with a tyre diameter of 52 ins. The tyres are perfectly smooth. "The protective rubber coating over the casing," I was told at Fort Dunlop, "is only one-fiftieth of an inch thick. If the rubber were any thicker, centrifugal force would pull it off." At a cost of £75,000, Dunlops built a special underground chamber at their Birmingham plant to test, at simulated speeds of 500 m.p.h., the tyres specially developed for *Bluebird*. Much of the credit for the design of these tyres is due to Mr. Donald Badger. He had to legislate for stresses 100 times greater than those involved when John Cobb set up the present record at Utah in his Napier-Railton.

Bluebird has triangular, aircraft-style air brakes with which Campbell will decelerate the car down to 400 m.p.h. Operated by compressed air, they hinge outwards behind the rear wheels. Girling disc brakes have the stupendous task of stopping the car from 400 m.p.h. in 60 seconds. The flats are fifteen miles long, so there are only seven miles for the run-up and a similar distance for braking on the other side of the measured mile. *Bluebird* is 30 ft. long, 8 ft. wide, 4 ft. 9 ins. high. The wheelbase measures 13½ ft. and the track 5½ ft.

F.I.A. regulations demand that two runs must be made in opposite directions within an hour and that the mean of these two runs counts for the record. In between runs specially equipped Land-Rover service vehicles will be used to pump cool oil into and through the two transmissions, blow cooling air over the four disc brakes, supply pressure for *Bluebird's* inbuilt hydraulic jacks (used for changing the wheels), recharge the compressed air cylinders used for the two braking systems and charge the electric batteries used to start *Bluebird's* turbine.

This land speed bid is a tremendous British enterprise to which the name *Bluebird*—first used by Malcolm Campbell in 1911—adds a touch of romance. If it succeeds, and our best wishes go out to *Bluebird's* gay and gallant young driver, it will not only boost Britain's engineering prestige in the eyes of the world. It will also help to make ordinary, everyday motoring safer and more comfortable.

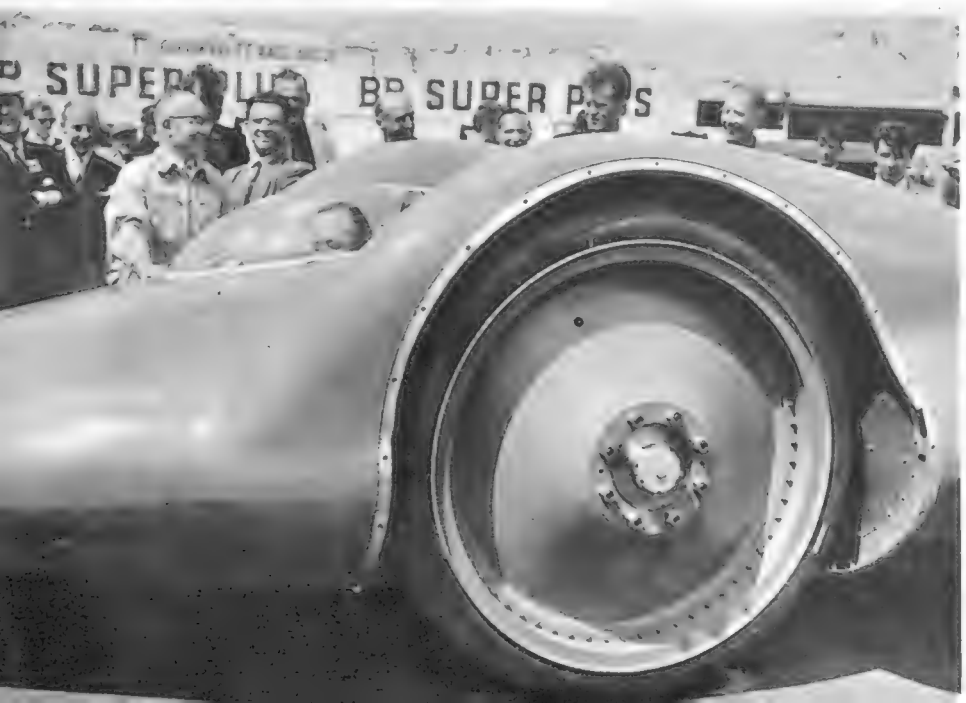
The engine unit—a Bristol-Siddeley Proteus gas turbine



En route for the U.S.—the car is pushed backwards into its packing-case

Bluebird weighs 4½ tons. It is designed to travel at over 500 m.p.h.

Almost hidden by the 52-in.-diameter wheels is the tiny cockpit, with Campbell inside



The Mount Kenya Safari Club's Rolls-Royce brings guests to the club

The club seen from the ornamental gardens

MT. KENYA'S LUXURIOUS SAFARI CLUB

Perched on the slopes of Mount Kenya, the highest mountain in the British East African colony, is an exclusive club which was, until recently, a popular hotel, with fishing as one of its main attractions. It has been transformed and renovated by William Holden, the Hollywood film star, and Ray Ryan, a Texas oil magnate, into the Mount Kenya Safari Club. The surrounding countryside is rain forest, moorland and the rocks of Mount Kenya. Not far away in the lowland thorn country live elephant, lions and rhinoceroses. The Safari Club is situated at Nanyuki, almost on the Equator. Nairobi is 150 miles away by road, and the club possesses two Rolls-Royce limousines to bring guests from the airport.

At the club a swimming pool has been built, pools in the landscaped garden have been stocked with trout, and there are plans to dam the Liki river nearby to provide a lake for aqua-sports. The interior decoration uses African motifs, Masai spears, leopard and zebra skins, and papyrus-matting walls. All the bedrooms face onto Mount Kenya, the core plug of an ancient volcano. At dawn the sun rises behind the jagged peaks, which remain a stark silhouette until the sun is high enough to pick out the glaciers running down the sides of the mountain. In the neighbourhood are a number of tribes, who still wear their ornate tribal costumes and whose dancers give performances at the club.

Perhaps the best place to see the incredible variety of Africa's wild life is the Uaso Nyiro stretch of the Marsabit Reserve, an hour's drive northwards from Nanyuki. The coast is 300 miles away, but, with the rapid increase in air transport, it is possible to fly to resorts for fishing expeditions. Kenya's coastal waters abound in marlin and sailfish. The club's entrance fee is 500 dollars (approximately £178), but local Kenyan members can join for £25.

Below : The view from the club over the rain forests to the peaks of Mount Kenya

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE JOYS OF NEST-BUILDING

The long-tailed tit is not a bird with which I am really familiar. I have seen them often enough —fleeting glimpses of small parties flitting through the woods—but I am more familiar with the nest than with the birds. That beautiful domed nest has always enthralled me: I am very grateful to the long-tailed tit for that architectural masterpiece. As a small boy, in common, I suppose, with most small country boys, I collected birds' eggs. Once, when I must have been about twelve years old, I robbed a long-tailed tit's nest. Getting the eggs out, I more or less wrecked that nest. I looked at my handiwork, the wreckage hanging there in the hedge, the two tiny eggs in my hand; the enormity of what I had done struck me like a blow. For the first time I understood that the nest was the birds' home, that they must have spent days and days building it. I felt terribly ashamed and gave up egg-collecting there and then. I must have been a sentimental little boy.

" Days and days " is not an exaggeration. Stewart, who wrote a pleasant book called *The Birds of Our Country*, timed a nest from start to completion at a fortnight. But I think that that was an exceptionally speedy effort. Witherby, who wrote a most detailed description of the building, timed one at seventeen days, but even then the lining was not completed, and feathers, of which there may be more than 2,000 in a nest, were still being carried in a week later when it contained seven or eight eggs. I think that it would be safe to say that, under normal circumstances, at least three weeks are needed, Both birds help in the building, and the mileage covered in the collection of material—consider the feathers alone—must be considerable. But you cannot help the birds by scattering suitable material near the nest. Dewar tried this. He brought handfuls of feathers and scattered them close to the nest. But the birds would have none of them, preferring to search for their own.

Photograph by Eric Hosking of long-tailed tits at the nest

Looking at the intricate nest, remembering the journeys and the time, one cannot but be impressed by the labour involved. This, you think, is toil. Selous, who watched the building of many long-tailed tits' nests, did not agree. He thought there was no real labour, " only a fine exhilarating exercise which must be a pleasure in itself." He explained the dome, the neat entrance hole, everything, by this: that the birds were not content with the normal simple cup, simply because they cannot stop. They are driven on by the building instinct, absorbed in the sheer joy of artistic achievement, which will not allow them to make an end. I think that there may be a good deal of truth in this. But labour there is: the birds wear themselves out, or at least exhaust their artistic fervour, for should the first nest meet with disaster, the second nest is very inferior. I have seen nests late in the season, which could almost be described as jerry-built.

The long-tailed tit is conservative in its choice of nesting-sites. It is addicted to thorn bushes (particularly, I think, the blackthorn) and brambles, and, since it builds early in the season, before the end of March, the nests are easy enough to spot. When I first came to live in this neighbourhood, long-tailed tits were fairly common. I would see parties of them in the woods in the winter and would come across nests in the thorn hedges every spring. For some reason the numbers gradually became less and less, and for several years past I have not seen a nest hereabouts nor even a travelling winter party.

This year they have come back. I came across three nests during the course of afternoon walks and was shown another in a conifer in a garden; surely a rather unusual site. But then, round here, choice of sites is becoming limited. Much of the woodland has been cleared, and the thorn hedges now enclose gardens rather than fields. Perhaps it was the clearing of the woodlands and the spread of building that drove them away. But the same sort of thing is happening everywhere within fifty miles of London. I suppose they have come back, determined to make the best of it. They can no longer afford to be particular.

At any rate, the long-tailed tit, not normally a garden bird, may now be seen in gardens in this part of the country. Recently nine of them spent a couple of hours or so in my garden. I suppose this was a family party, for mid-August is, I should have thought, a little early for flocking to begin. But I did not know that families stayed together so long; and I cannot find anything about it in the books. However, there were these nine birds in my shrubbery. I was " dead-heading " when I became aware of them, but then I sat in a deck-chair about halfway along the shrubbery and watched them until they left. They were astonishingly tame and would sometimes come within 8 ft. or so. Virtually they ignored me. This is the first time I have had an opportunity of really watching long-tailed tits. Hitherto I have only seen them flitting, with rather clumsy undulating flight, between the trees: an impression, no more, of little black-and-white birds with very long tails. But there is nothing clumsy about them when you see them working over bushes at close range. They are such extraordinarily volatile little creatures, scarcely still for a second, that they are very difficult to watch, their movements sometimes so quick that they defeat the eye. They have the same acrobatic genius as the other tits, but they seem also to be contortionists, twisting themselves round the branches, using their long tails as rudders and balancing organs, in such a way that you could swear that they had not a joint in their bodies. All the time they kept up a conversation, a soft *zee-zee-zee* interrupted every now and again by a louder *chirr-chirr*, a sort of clockwork sound.

Not once, during the whole time, did I see a bird on the ground, though there were often one or two on the very lowest branches of a bush. Every now and again the whole party would take wing together and scud to the other end of the shrubbery: the same sort of disciplined mass flight that you see in waders and starlings. But, in this case, they would not (so far as I could make out) all be together at the moment of take-off: some would be in one bush, some in another, some perhaps in a third. Selous called this sort of thing " thought-transference." Nowadays, I believe, the accepted theory is that it is due to exceptional keenness of sight. If the birds really were in different bushes, as I believe, it seems unlikely that sight can be the whole answer. Perhaps there is a sort of flock instinct. Or perhaps the *chirr-chirr* or some other sound is a sort of count-down. " On the sixth pip we will all take off "; something like that.

And black-and-white ? This was my greatest surprise: the impression at close range is not of black-and-white, but pink: pink and black. They must surely be among the most beautiful of all British birds. It is fitting that they should build the most beautiful of nests. Perhaps, next year, a pair will choose a conifer in my garden and I shall have the opportunity of watching that work of art from the start.

The captain of the Club, Mr. G. H. Micklem, and Jimmy Sheridan, the Club's caddie-master for fifty years

Mr. G. B. Wolstenholme, Mr. H. C. McCollom, and Arthur Lees, Sunningdale's professional

Left:
Mr. D. McLaren and Mr. J. G. Needham before the Club House

Below left:
Mr. D. McLaren, Mr. C. W. Roberts, Colonel M. R. Keene

Below right:
Mrs. M. Flynn, the stewardess, Commander L. A. Jeffery, R.N., the secretary, Miss J. P. Meyrick, manageress, Mr. M. Flynn, steward

The Club House, and the 18th green of the Old Course

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

SUNNINGDALE

Sunningdale is shown on the maps as being in Berkshire; and so are the village and its railway station; but Sunningdale Golf Club lies just over the border in Surrey. The Club, which came into existence in the first year of this century, has had its share of fame; its two courses provide some of the finest golf to be found in Britain; and to-day Sunningdale is frequently called upon to stage leading events in the golf world. The Old Course, thought slightly less of a test than the New, has witnessed many scenes of high excitement—moments such as Bobby Jones' 66 in the qualifying round of the Open Championship in 1927, and Norman von Nida's 63 in 1948 during the Dunlop Masters Tournament. In 1903, the Professional Match Play Championship was inaugurated at the Club.

The Old, itself, begins with the longest hole of the round—492 yards; while the second, one of several " tiger's two shotters " at Sunningdale, measures 454 yards. The fourth hole, 165 yards, has a deceptive quality which has earned it the title of " a Brute." Coming home, there is a testing two-shotter in the 421-yard twelfth, and the round finishes with a trio of trying holes, the eighteenth needing a drive on to a fairway which is enclosed by a " V " of bunkers. By the top of the green there is an unobtrusive bunker which has often caught out the unwary player. The course covers 6,326 yards, and the standard scratch score is 72. The New Course follows the high ground, giving some beautiful views. It was laid out in 1922, but its use was curtailed during the Second World War. Its overall length is 6,487 yards (standard scratch score 73), including holes of 538 and 470 yards. The first hole is a difficult one, giving a hard second shot uphill on to the green. One of the features of the New Course, which is experienced at the third hole among others, is that the tee is offset to one side of the fairway.

The Illustrated Newspapers annual invitation meeting for "The Sphere" Challenge Cup, held at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club, will be illustrated next week; the series of Golf Clubs will be resumed in the issue of September 17

TRAVEL

SUNNY ALGARVE

By GORDON COOPER

Tucked away on the extreme south of Portugal is the enchanting province of the Algarve (Moorish for " the fertile strip of land between the mountains and the sea "). It is strange that this coast is still almost unknown, for it is not difficult to reach, either by good roads from Lisbon or by comfortable train. Certainly for those who wish to escape from the hard winters of northern lands I can think of no better goal in Europe; and here there are some pleasant resorts, golden beaches, a lovely countryside, and many colourful fishing ports.

From Christmas to Easter is the ideal time for a visit, when you can bathe comfortably, wear summer clothes, and bask under the warm sunshine from a cloudless sky. The summer months are rather hot, although there can be refreshing sea-breezes. By the end of January the mimosa trees lining the roads to the mountains are in flower, and the magnolias are budding. The swallows have crossed the sea from North Africa and have already started to build their nests. Then, early in February, the countryside becomes covered with almond blossom, and Portuguese visitors from the north arrive to join in the " Festas da Amendoeira "—The Almond Blossom Season.

The only resort of some size is Praia da Rocha, but there is now adequate accommodation in Lagos, Monte Gardo—near the Spanish frontier—Sagres and near Faro. At the last two places there are *pousadas* (Government-owned tourist inns). In Praia da Rocha the Hotel Bela Vista can be recommended. Praia da Rocha (Beach of the Rocks) has a fine situation overlooking the open sea. It is built on cliffs, while fantastically-shaped rocks dot the beach. This beach provides endless opportunities for sun-bathing, sea-bathing, walking, and fishing from the rocks. Otherwise you must make your own amusements, for although a casino was started some years ago it has never been completed.

From Praia da Rocha, many interesting excursions can be made. Not far distant is the old walled town of Lagos, from which Dom Henrique (Prince Henry the Navigator) dispatched his fleets on their voyages of discovery. Shipbuilding is still carried on here, and you can also see the former arcaded slave-market, the only one of its kind in Europe. Farther west is Sagres, where it is claimed that Henry had his renowned naval school of navigation, but nothing remains there to-day. It was off Sagres Point that there was recently an International Naval Review which formed part of the quincentennial celebrations of the Prince's death. Another town of considerable interest is Silves, lying inland from Praia da Rocha. This picturesque old Moorish town has, in its cathedral, possibly the most interesting building in the Algarve.

For exploring the Eastern Algarve, Faro is a good centre, and while simple accommodation is available in the town I would prefer to recommend the Pousada de Sao Bras de Alportel (11 miles from Faro), which stands perched on a belvedere in a lovely valley. It might appeal to some people for a restful holiday, but for getting around the countryside you really want a car. (Should you be staying in Faro itself, you should travel around by bus—an entertaining and friendly way of getting to know the people.)

In Faro there are some old churches and a fascinating maritime museum, where you can study the various ways in which fishing is carried on in the Algarve. Then, two worthwhile excursions are to nearby Olhao and to Loulé. The former is a strange little town, with its white, flat-roofed houses of cubist design, which make it look more like a North African village than anything in Europe. Loulé's appeal is that it is a typical old country town. Go there, if possible, on a Friday when an open-air Portuguese market is held. You will probably find yourself entangled with donkeys, sheep, goats, and squealing black pigs. Worth noting, too, are the processions during carnival week in both Loulé and Olhao.

Apart from the climate, it is the daily lives of the people which will most impress the visitor. There simple country- and fisher-folk are most polite and kindly to strangers. They have their own habits and customs which can have changed little through the centuries. A minor attraction is that prices in this part of Portugal are most reasonable, and for around a pound a day you can live and eat well in a good hotel.

Further information can be obtained from the Portuguese Tourist Office, 20, Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

On board the Union-Castle Line's *Windsor Castle*—left is the first-class library and right a first-class cabin

HOLIDAYS ABROAD TO ESCAPE THE WET SUMMER: THE "WINDSOR CASTLE"

The weather this summer is having repercussions on travel agencies. People are rushing in to book last-minute holidays in sunny places. Fortunately there is still plenty of room on the Italian Riviera and on the Adriatic coast in September, and further south round the Bay of Naples.

There is good news of a big hotel-building programme in Greece; eleven are to be opened this month, and another nine within the year. This will mean that next year at least a further 100 beds will be available on the island of Corfu and ninety-three beds on the island of Mykonos. Since many of these new hotels are really motels they will be welcomed by motorists who will be taking advantage of the new ferry-boat service between Greece and Italy. The *Egnatia*, the newly-built ferry-boat, makes five trips a week and can carry 115 cars on her drive-on/drive-off car deck.

Until the end of September the Cia. Trasmediterranea will run an additional weekly service from Cadiz to Las Palmas and Tenerife, leaving on Wednesdays at 2.00 p.m. and arriving at Las Palmas on Fridays at 10.00 p.m.

The new Union-Castle liner, the 38,000 tons *Windsor Castle*, is a giant compared with her sister ships in the same fleet. The extra space has been used to the passengers' advantage, both tourist and first class. There is much more room in the cabins, the companion-ways are wide and lofty, and the dining-rooms in particular have not that low-ceiling hemmed-in look which spoils the restaurant accommodation on so many ships.

As for bars, the tourist class is better off than the first, for the simple reason that there are more passengers to be catered for. The cinema is not one of these makeshift in-between-decks affairs, but a magnificent 360-seater theatre, where, when films are not showing, the stage can be used for concerts. While the decoration is first class there is not the ostentation which I have seen on previous Union-Castle ships like the *Pretoria Castle*. It is clean-cut, simple, and sometimes quite modest, as in the cafeterias of both classes. The swimming pools, as usual, are too small, although the deck space is more than ample, particularly for the tourist class, where amenities are much better than usual.

There is only one false note on the *Windsor Castle*, the marble fireplaces in the de luxe suites—the imitation coal fires beneath seem out of place. It is time someone investigated some more appropriate focal point around which to sit. Otherwise these first-class cabins are rather more comfortably and conveniently furnished than their equivalent in modern shore hotels. Their layout, curiously enough, is much the same. The cabin door opens on to a short corridor with bathroom on the right and the cabin facing.

In the tourist class there are no frills, although gay berth covers make a difference. There are some with no outside light, but its absence is not noticeable since there is plenty of space, with separate wardrobes allocated to each passenger. On the sad question of tips the dining-room stewards were reticent, and their assessments of what was expected from a passenger after a voyage to South Africa varied from 30s. to £4. It seemed that £3 per head would satisfy.

W. D. C. C.

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

"Apart from the motor-car industry, it would seem that boatbuilding generally is expanding more rapidly than any other industry." This is a conclusion contained in the recently published Annual Report of the Rural Industries Bureau, which is entrusted by the Government to provide technical advice and assistance to country workshops. Into its scope come undertakings not employing more than twenty people, and on this basis it has about 500 boatbuilding firms on its books, 100 of which have appeared during the last year.

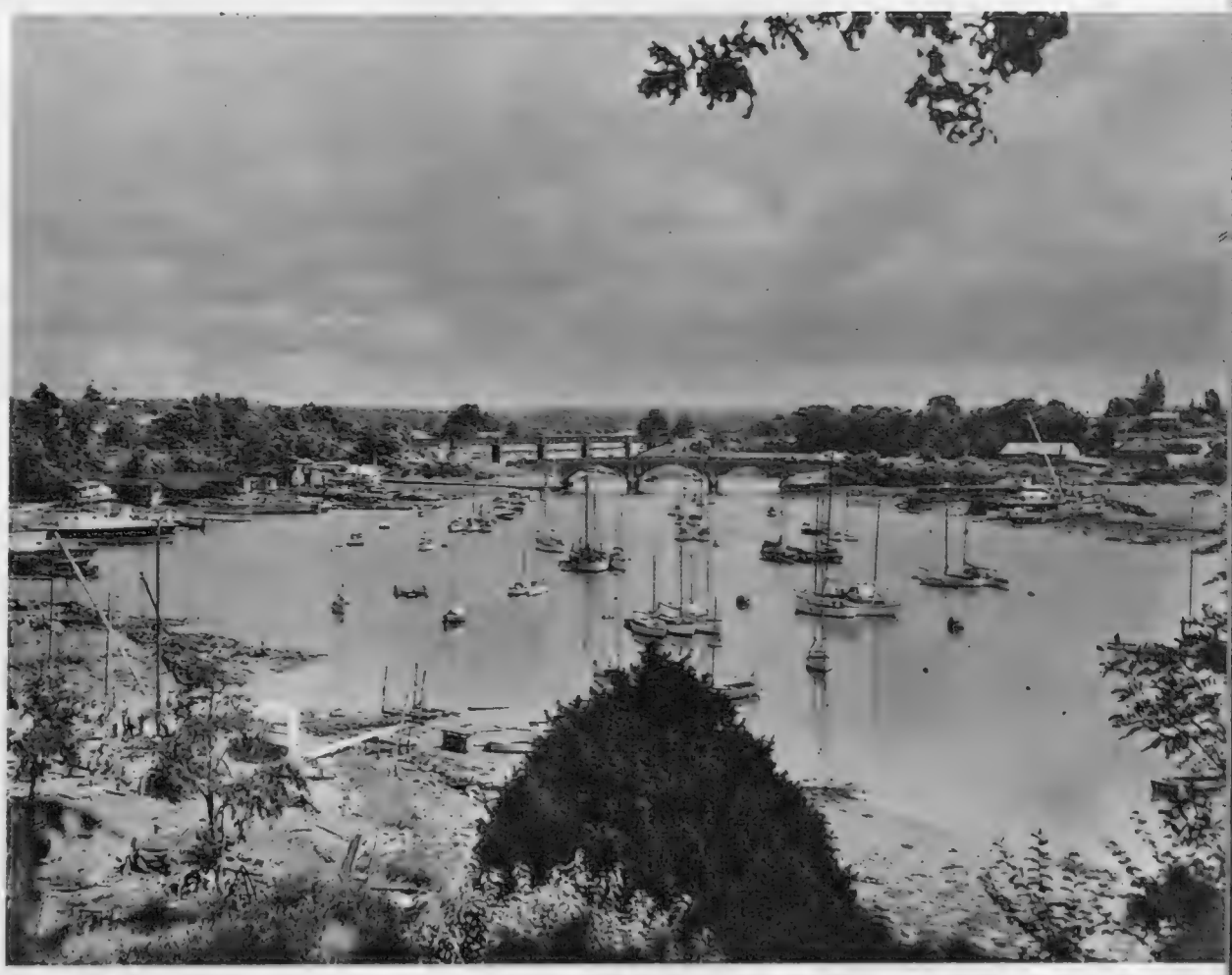
Most of these new firms have sprung up to cater for the seemingly insatiable demand for small boats by an ever-increasing public. While in some of them employment is found for woodworking craftsmen, in a great many of them new, synthetic materials are used. The boatbuilding officer of the Bureau who has visited many small yards for the first time expressed surprise at much of what he saw. Many of them seem to be working under unnecessarily difficult conditions. The buildings are situated at the end of long muddy lanes, full of potholes and axle deep in water, and are ramshackle, unheated in winter and generally uncomfortable. In spite of these difficulties the present prosperity of rural boatyards shows every sign of continuing.

This report only goes to confirm my own impression, which I have formed from other signs of prosperity and boom in yachting, or to use a wider term, boating. The rate of growth has accelerated so much in the last few years, that one is getting more and more receptive to suggestions that some form of restricted supervision of boats and boating, including yachting, will be necessary before long. We all oppose regimentation of any kind, but it must be admitted that the day is not so far off when registration of vessels (especially those with engines), and even the equivalent of driving tests for yachtsmen, might become inevitable. At the R.Y.A. Council Meeting held in *Britannia* during Cowes Week, I understand the subject of registration of all vessels was discussed. Like all yachtsmen, I presume R.Y.A. Council members must regard this as an undesirable proposition but, looking ahead perhaps as much as ten years, they realise that it will be a necessary evil and that it is preferable to take the initiative than to have an even more undesirable scheme foisted on yachtsmen by some Government department.

The announcement from the Ministry of Transport that Mr. Marples is reintroducing the voluntary examination for the Yacht Master's Certificate (Coastal) will be welcomed by most yachtsmen individually and by the Clubs and the R.Y.A. The examinations will be held three times a year in many centres, and yachtsmen will be able to take them at a payment of five guineas. They will not be required to show evidence of seagoing experience, and the syllabus covers coastal navigation, meteorology, seamanship and signalling.

This is going to offer some incentive to yachtsmen for taking their subject more seriously, and giving it the attention it deserves, if only from the point of view of general safety. The syllabus is such that an efficient yacht owner ought to pass without much difficulty, and the younger and more inexperienced candidate could prepare himself or herself, by taking such instruction courses as are available at the Little Ship Club and, in a smaller way, in several other clubs. The thought that the introduction of this "ticket" might be the forerunner of a compulsory "driving licence" for yachtsmen is too far-fetched to worry about at present.

Fitting out in a Swanwick boatyard on the River Hamble



Large and small boatyards lie cheek by jowl on this stretch of the River Hamble. Background is Bursledon Bridge

BOOKS

RUNNING A SPEAKEASY

Honor Tracy's new novel, set in the West Indies, is the first of this week's fiction

Ebullient, vital, Rabelaisian, philosophic—all these terms could be applied to that fabulous American character, Belle Livingstone, who brought a very beautiful pair of legs to the stage at the beginning of the century, and a keen appreciation of society's thirst to New York in the Prohibition era. For Belle Livingstone not only kept the gayest speakeasy in the city but, according to her own standards, hand-picked its devotees. She had good drink served to those of her customers whom she considered to have palates. What the others drank is not recorded but, in spite of being arrested several times, she was enormously successful and, as nearly always throughout her lively life, enjoyed herself to the full.

As an elderly person (she was fifty-two in 1927 when she started her speakeasy career) Miss Livingstone has written her autobiography, and it is as readable and provocative as Harriette Wilson's, although a good deal less bawdy. BELLE OUT OF ORDER (Heinemann. 21s.), a line that someone painted across her front door once as she was being hauled off to prison by the cops, positively sizzles with energy and spirit. It also contains a generous proportion of good horse sense which, considering the positively Alp-like ups and downs of Miss Livingstone's career, must have been hardly won. Towards the close of her memoirs she has written: "No one will ever see me sitting around waiting for the rustling wings of Death. Let death do a little rustling to catch up with me." This may not be a sentiment suitable for a retiring lady's keepsake book, but it certainly epitomises the vigour with which this hardy author has conducted her own career.

As a paid-up member of the Union of Comedy Appreciators I would like to bring to your notice a new novel by Miss Honor Tracy: A NUMBER OF THINGS (Methuen. 15s.). Miss Tracy, who has been a newspaperwoman and a foreign correspondent, is also an Irishwoman and a traveller, born and bred. On a different plane, the vitality of her writing matches Miss Livingstone's, and she has the splendid gift of being able to render her acute sense of observation into delightfully amusing language. A couple of years ago, it seems, she spent some time in the West Indies, and the present book is one of the results of that stay. It is wonderfully funny, occasionally barbed and often compassionate. It is also a hair-raising picture of some aspects of life on the island of Trinidad, from an imaginary (we hope) glimpse of Government House to a more factual study of Port of Spain in carnival time.

The principal character is a kind of innocent abroad, in the shape of a young English writer whose first book has just had considerable success, having been greeted by *avant-garde* critics not as the piece of quiet mischief that its author had intended, but as a serious and courageous work of social significance. Thoroughly enjoying the success and the money, the author has left his job in an uncle's seed business and accepted an assignment to visit the Caribbean for a new periodical and to write a series of fearless articles for them on his findings. Now Henry Lamb, besides being an extremely nice and intelligent young man, is a very clear-sighted individual, apt to report exactly what he sees and this he does to the horror of his "progressive" sponsors and to the dismay of his social connections. Only a few hilarious new friends support and understand him, and, of course, his father, a rector in Norfolk, who writes beatifically to him: "I understand that not a line from your pen ever appeared in the paper that I sent you. Dear lad! your mother and I are proud indeed, proud indeed." This is satire on a distinguished level and it is also wonderful fun. Recommended for these excellent reasons and as an effective means of distracting your attention from the rigours of an English summer.

MARCIA STILLMAN, an American actress new to London, plays the leading part in Tennessee Williams's one-act play, *This Property is Condemned*, which is set on a railway line. It forms half of a double bill at the Arts Theatre, in London, with another short American play, *Zoo Story*, by Edward Albee. This stars Kenneth Haigh and Peter Sallis, who play the only two characters

VILLAGE OF STARS (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is a story of tensions; international, inter-departmental and personal. On a Lincolnshire aerodrome the newest type of R.A.F. jet bomber stands ready for routine practice flights, or for a special mission, while in London the Cabinet and the Service chiefs confer over a new threat to world peace in the Middle East. The bomber has its own highly expert crew and a new kind of passenger, an atomic missile which can devastate 40,000 square miles of country. In the crew itself there is a nucleus of worry, a curiously withdrawn young man who is co-pilot. There are also the domestic problems which face each one of the men severally when they get back to their homes on the station. One way and another this book of Mr. Paul Stanton's has very little to do with peace, and there is something almost relentless about the way in which the author turns the screw of suspense more and more tightly in each chapter. He conducts his war of nerves very skilfully, however, and his story is almost compulsively readable.

AFRICAN REVOLUTION

In the wake of Stanley's explorations

In a geography essay on the Congo in one of this year's exams was written—"Not even King Leopold II could conquer the tsetse fly—he couldn't cut off their hands." This macabre schoolboy joke is a reminder of the devastation wrought by the men employed by the Belgian King to make his vast African estates pay. At the turn of the century cannibalism was rife, the Arab slavers only just expelled, and Stanley, the discoverer of Livingstone, still energetic. In the attempts to subdue rebellious tribes, troops were ordered to provide evidence of the number killed by cutting off the right hands of those dispatched. Much of this information is retailed in an unemotional manner by an American journalist, Thomas Sterling, who recounts his journey in the footsteps of Henry Stanley in STANLEY'S WAY (Hart-Davis. 21s.).

Side by side he presents pictures of Africa in the 1870's; vast, undiscovered, and poor, and Africa today, in a state of rapid change. The book is written in a vivid, personal manner: its method, with rapid jumps backwards and forwards in time, is justified by the irony residual in the contrasts. Stanley and Livingstone, both high-minded, both meticulously courteous (ingrained in Livingstone, a veneer in Stanley) meet at Ujiji, in a scene of high farce. Later, Stanley's epic voyage down the Congo opens up that part of west Africa. At Stanleyville, Thomas Sterling meets an African girl, whose greatest need is to possess a bicycle.

The problem of the future for Africa is also one of the subjects of Chester Bowles's THE COMING POLITICAL BREAKTHROUGH (Bodley Head. 18s.). A Democrat with a long, distinguished record in economic and foreign affairs, the author has been widely tipped as a future Secretary of State, should Senator Kennedy win the Presidential election. This treatise, which at times reads like a campaign manifesto, is a rapid survey of American political history and a statement of beliefs. Mr. Bowles sees it as vital that in the struggle with Communism, the U.S. devote a more affirmative approach to Asia, Africa and Latin America. His plea is for discrimination in economic aid and his attacks on damage done by the Republican administration are telling. This liberal viewpoint on American home affairs means for Mr. Bowles economic expansion rather than restriction. It is a refreshing book.

British economic expansion overseas in the nineteenth century was founded on the development of steam as the motive power for ships. In THESE SPLENDID SHIPS (Muller. 25s.) David Divine tells the history of the P & O (the Peninsular and Oriental Line) and its development into a major power in world commerce. The author rightly sees the story of achievement amid the cut-throat business methods of the Victorians as a matter of leadership. His portraits of the men who founded the P & O and their successors are strongly etched and set against the background of world events which have had so much effect on shipping. Based on solid research, this is a clearly written and sometimes exciting narrative.

THE SPANISH ARMADA (Batsford. 21s.), by Michael Lewis, is the latest of the publisher's series on British battles. It sketches the major figures in the conflict, Drake, Hawkins, Lord Howard, the Duke of Medina Sidonia and Flores de Valdez, and the principal ships and armaments. There is little new in the book, and only the telling of the fights down the channel is exciting. In contrast with others in the series, it is a little disappointing.

A number of distinguished contributors have written the various sections of A HISTORY OF SONG (Hutchinson. 63s.) edited by Denis Stevens. In an exhaustive and scholarly survey, the book covers the development of the secular song: it discusses the work of known and unknown composers from countries as far afield as Poland, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland and Belgium.

J. W.

We are told that Mr. Dennis Wheatley's novel, THE SATANIST (Hutchinson. 18s.), is not for the squeamish, and I certainly wouldn't argue with that pronouncement, except to add that neither is it for those who dislike sensationalism, sadism, salacity or overwriting. The subject is black magic, of which the author has made an objective study, and Communism. The hero and heroine are "again both," although for a long time they are helplessly victimised by one or another of these practices and ideologies. The action includes some incidents beside which an old Lyceum melodrama would have all the impact of *Listen with Mother*. I'm sure it will be an immense success.

Miss Shirley Jackson was the author of a short story, *The Lottery*, which was one of the nastiest and cleverest pieces of work I have ever read. I still think about it in moments of low vitality. Her new novel, THE HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE (Michael Joseph. 15s.), is precisely as clever, but even its shock ending has not got the real mule kick of the earlier, shorter work. This, I suppose, is a ghost story, but not one in the manner of the late, great M. R. James. Miss Jackson's power of evocation is quite extraordinary. Her ability to sustain interest almost against the reader's will is phenomenal, and the simple fact is that here is a novel of distinction and of individual imagination. Its appeal may be in the degree in which the reader's imagination fits the pattern of the writer's.

A few years ago there was a mild literary sensation caused by the publication of a novel by a French girl, little more than a child, whose name was Berthe Grimault. Now, after some months in an English school of the category known as "finishing," she has written another novel, BERTHE IN PARADISE (W. H. Allen. 13s. 6d.), which describes the exploits of just such a girl as herself in an establishment rather more fantastically presented. The translation has been made by Lucienne Hill and it may be that M. Fournier, postman in the village to which Mlle. Grimault has now returned, has been of great help to the young author in the matter of literary expression. But no one would have had to help her with her imaginative reconstruction.

Vernon Fane

A QUEEN'S PICTURE OF A PRINCE

It is never possible to get a complete, seldom an impartially critical, study of a man's career, from a biography published in the subject's lifetime, before his days are half run. It is accepted that such biographies are expected and valued in the case of Royal personages; and it is a measure of Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia's skill and of the Duke of Edinburgh's virtues and versatility that her PRINCE PHILIP—A FAMILY PORTRAIT (Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.) is so lively, informative and interesting, quite apart from the fact that biographies of Princes by Queens are exceedingly rare.

Author and subject are cousins, intimate in their childhood, a childhood and youth passed often in exile and comparative poverty. Both are great-great-grandchildren of Queen Victoria and both descend from the Danish George I of the Hellenes, assassinated in 1913. Essentially a family portrait, this biography owes nothing to authorised Royal biographers and very little to Royal archives. It is an eye-witness account, reinforced by a certain amount of third-party evidence drawn from Royal families and some recourse to newspaper reports. If it inevitably possesses some of the cosiness of Royal Family discourse, the result is far more lively and useful than might have been expected. We all had a vague idea of Prince Philip's upbringing. Queen Alexandra supplies in great detail, chapter and verse—of course, it is a "Laszlo-like" picture but (bar the subject) most readers will feel it deserves Laszlo's treatment and, within the confines of her memories, the authoress is not uncritical.

John Gore

Gerald James (Shamrayev); Sylvia Coleridge (Polina); Ralph Michael (Dr. Dorn); Ann Bell (Nina); Tom Courtenay (Konstantin); Georgine Anderson (Masha); Derek Smith (Medvedyenko); Judith Anderson (Madame Arkadin); Tony Britton (Trigorin); and Cyril Luckham (Sorin)

Ann Bell and Tony Britton

THE SEAGULL

At the Lyceum, Edinburgh

Given its premiere at the Edinburgh Festival, the London Old Vic's version of Chekhov's tragi-comedy was due in London on September 1. The production by John Fernald was greeted with acclaim; it maintains the balance between the ironic comedy and the sense of tragic frustration and despair. In the exacting role of Madame Arkadin is Judith Anderson, making a welcome return to the London stage—she last appeared at the Old Vic in 1937, as Lady Macbeth opposite Sir Laurence Olivier. As the unhappy young couple Nina and Konstantin, Ann Bell and Tom Courtney have been given much praise by the critics.

Gerald James, Judith Anderson, and Rosemarie Dunham (the housemaid) in a scene from Act 3

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Frank Taylor

The chairman and managing director of Taylor Woodrow Limited, Mr. Frank Taylor, is the founder of one of the leading building and civil engineering contracting groups in Britain. It consists of over sixty associated and subsidiary companies operating in many parts of the world, from Fiji to Africa. Among the contracts on which the group is engaged is the £4,000,000 reconstruction and extension of Port Harcourt in Nigeria, which Princess Alexandra is due to open officially at the beginning of next month. Frank Taylor was born at Hadfield, Glossop, in 1905; he founded Taylor Woodrow at the age of sixteen. To-day he is a director of B.O.A.C., a governor of Queenswood Public Girls' School, a member of the Advisory Council on Middle East Trade, and a member of the Council of the Export Group for the Constructional Industries. (He was chairman of the group during 1954-55 and a member of the Advisory Council to the Minister of State in the same period.) Since Mr. Taylor became chairman and managing director of the public company in 1935, the Taylor Woodrow group has been operating all over the world and Mr. Taylor in his visits to the various companies has become a seasoned traveller. In Britain, the group's activities span buildings from atomic power stations to schools and hospitals. Taylor Woodrow, with English Electric and Babcock and Wilcox, forms the consortium which is constructing the world's first atomic power station of 500 mW at Hinkley Point, in Somerset. The chairman's office is at 10, Park Street in London's West End and Mr. Taylor lives next door at No. 8. His recreations are tennis, swimming, riding and chess

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

WHAT OF THE SUPERSONIC AIRLINER?

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

Every business has to get to know as much about its customers as it can. But there can be few industries whose customers, in the ultimate, are so few and so sharply identifiable as those of the British aircraft industry, and to whom the nuances of personality may mean so much as fresh individuals succeed to these pivotal positions of buying power. The aircraft manufacturers this year have come to Farnborough, their annual festival of breezy outward confidence and salesmanship, with as brave a front as ever. They have a good deal to offer to the foreign customer, and the Farnborough show gives them a concentrated opportunity to meet him and to show it off. The fact remains that their key customers, for most types of aircraft, are to be found at home; and the manufacturers are very conscious that during the last few months certain of these have been replaced by different men. Whether from the point of view of aircraft orders these replacements will be for the better or the worse remains to be seen.

Sir Matthew Slattery is somebody of whom they know something. With a reputation as a "trouble-shooter" in difficult top jobs for the Government, he has of late been among their own ranks in charge of Short Brothers and Harland, one of the only manufacturers in which the Government stake takes the form of actual ownership of equity capital. He appears to have done a fairly impressive job for this company, which has this week announced an interesting new small transport aircraft. As chairman of British Overseas Airways Corporation he has put on yet another bowler hat, and shifted from the selling side of the desk to the buying.

Mr. Peter Thorneycroft is somebody of whom the aircraft manufacturers know much less. The outside observer may find the appointment of this disciple of stern fiscal economy to one of the most heavily-spending departments of the Government, the Ministry of Aviation, wryly amusing. (One has a suspicion that Mr. Macmillan did too in making the appointment.) It is not quite so funny for the businesses whose level of prosperity depends basically upon the attitude towards this industry that Mr. Thorneycroft adopts. They can count upon, it is true, some principles of Government policy towards aircraft manufacture set down in the days of Mr. Sandys—who originally plunged them into difficulties by his switch from manned aircraft to missiles, but who later did broadly accept the principle that for a while the country owed the (merged and rationalised) aircraft industry a living.

But they are well aware that how principles of policy develop into development contracts or specific orders for aircraft depends a great deal on the minister in charge. Mr. Thorneycroft's past situation indicates that for him the Ministry of Aviation can at best be an important stepping-stone to larger political ambitions. That might well imply his need to make a big impression in this ministry—which could be done either by furthering the industry's ambitions, or squashing its pretensions. And it could be that to become what the industry would consider a good minister might squash some of Mr. Thorneycroft's pretensions regarding economy.

Technically, the ambitions with which the industry arrives at Farnborough this year do not radically differ from those it cherished twelve months ago. In the military field, it now notes that the agonising reappraisal to which it was subjected some years ago regarding British air power is now being repeated in the United States; the shift towards missiles, cutting down requirements of manned aircraft, has begun, and while possible shifts in policy, plus the sheer absolute volume of aircraft requirements for American defence, may slow the process over there, the American aircraft manufacturers face sooner rather than later the same technological obsolescence with which the British are already having to cope. With the reduction of orders for the Victor, which has had a sharp effect on Handley Page, one of the few independent manufacturers left, demand for military aircraft has narrowed down to specialised fighters, such as English Electric's Lightning, vertical take-off machines and ground or sea co-operation aircraft, plus what British manufacturers can fill of Nato requirements. This last is an important market—the Hawker-Siddeley group acquired a small but useful slice of it this summer with its order for Gnat aircraft designed by Folland, one of the subsidiaries it acquired during the process of rationalisation.

In civil terms, the industry's ambitions are at the same time far-reaching and workaday. All manufacturers share the hope that the Government will find the public money to support a supersonic aircraft, though there are bitter disagreements about what kind of one. Among the jets it is delivering or may be soon, it naturally hopes for some world-beater to compare with the Viscount. At the bottom of the scale, no maker could think of anything better than to be the one who comes up with just the right formula for the Dakota replacement. Gradually, over the years, the Dakotas have passed out of first-line air service, out to the by-way air routes. The fact remains that even now there are probably 1,000 to 1,500 still in operation, more than exist of any other type of aeroplane. They have been replaced, in practice, by a variety of types of aircraft, some specifically designed such as the Handley Page Herald or the Fokker Friendship, some retiring in their turn from the major routes but still more up-to-date than the Dakota, such as the Convair. But no manufacturer among the many who have bent design efforts to the task during the last five years has quite hit the jackpot of this huge replacement market—which is still justifying a great deal of competitive effort in the established British and American aircraft industries, and also among the Continental manufacturers, who have of late been finding their feet.

Decisions about first-line civil aircraft depend for British manufacturers first upon the country's nationalised airlines, and secondly on the Government; about a supersonic airliner, almost entirely on the Government, armed with the best advice it can get. That is one reason why the manufacturers have been so anxious to discover how the new men in the key positions are disposed towards the project.

Sir Matthew Slattery can hardly have disappointed them. He volunteered his views immediately he took over the chairmanship of B.O.A.C.—within a week, indeed, of some parting remarks on the subject by his departing predecessor, Sir Gerard d'Erlanger. The departing chairman had pointed out, somewhat cold-bloodedly, that design studies so far postulated that by the time a supersonic jet aircraft could be had—say 1970—its cost seemed likely to be markedly higher than those of the big jets now in or soon coming into service; airlines would need to be confident that they could obtain a correspondingly higher margin of fares to make them break even with the types they might replace. Sir Matthew Slattery, answering the same questions from the same position a week later, talked in terms of much the same estimates of cost—though he appeared to think a supersonic airliner could possibly be put into service by 1965. But his emphasis was different. He shared the uncertainties whether such a venture would pay; but he doubted whether if any major airline "went supersonic," any other could lag behind. If there was to be a race, B.O.A.C., he felt, must be in the forefront.

This view may have uncertain implications for the commercial future of B.O.A.C.; some critics pointed out tartly that K.L.M., for example, one of the best business propositions of any airline in the world, had refused to be hurried even into the start of the jet race. But its implications for aircraft manufacture were more important; the new Minister of Aviation, it seemed, would be unlikely to be advised firmly against a supersonic project by the operator who would eventually have to take the responsibility of introducing it into service. Mr. Thorneycroft, so far, has given little inkling of his own attitude, though he is expected to do so shortly; for the moment, the Ministry remains committed by one of Mr. Sandys's last announcements as Minister to have a full-scale design produced by one of the major manufacturing groups. The Government, no doubt thankfully, can put the final decision off for perhaps another year or more.

The possibly limited final market for such airliners—100 to 200 throughout the world, it is reckoned; the technical controversy about just how supersonic an airliner ought to be, just beyond the speed of sound, twice that speed, or three times it; and the vast cost of developing such an aircraft, put tentatively at say £100,000,000 to £200,000,000—all these factors make the decision as momentous as it is complex. The continuance of the British aircraft industry on anything like the scale we have known it since the war probably depends on it. An order, and its successful execution, would not necessarily float off the aircraft industry into the full commercial viability it has never yet enjoyed, since the Government stake of public money could not be other than massive; but it would at least maintain and extend the industry's technical prowess.

While it watches, hawk-eyed, every twist and turn in the Government's reluctant, crab-like approach to that decision, the industry remains in a somewhat less parlous state than has been prophesied for it for so long. When it had, say, 330,000 people in its labour force and began to be urged to rationalise itself, it was assured that it had to make ready, and fairly soon, to be employing no more than, say, 150,000. Those predictions began, say, three years ago; the industry still employs about 275,000 people. So far, reconstitution into two major aircraft manufacturing groups, two aero-engine groups, and one helicopter group has not been followed by any radical change in the number of aircraft types whose development the Government is prepared to assist, or in the actual projects getting this assistance.

It is said, however, that the Government is now insisting upon a share in the proceeds of eventual sales more commensurate with that of any partner who supplies most of the risk capital. And development costs, almost the biggest element in the working capital of the aircraft industry, are almost entirely risk capital: they finance a stock of knowledge, not of hardware, which unless it is embodied in a successful final product has a somewhat limited scrap value.

(See also following pages)

A bird's-eye view of the Hawker Hunter T. Mark 7 trainer, a two-seater aircraft, with one Rolls-Royce Avon Mark 122 turbo-jet engine. The first production T. Mark 7 flew towards the end of 1957, and a number of the trainers were delivered to the Netherlands Government in 1958-59

FOR FARNBOROUGH

The twenty-first Air Display of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors starts on Monday at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, in Hampshire. It is open to the public on September 9, 10 and 11. As in previous years, the Display consists of three sections—the indoor exhibition, the static aircraft park, and the afternoon flying display. Five aircraft new to Farnborough (or variants) are due to be featured; and the first public demonstration of vertical take-off and landing, and conversion to fast forward flight by the Short S.C.1 is expected. The Exhibition will comprise 382 stands, as opposed to last year's record of 376. Missiles will be more in evidence than in previous years. In the wide range of aircraft for the display, the S.B.A.C. hopes to include the Avro 748, a cheap, sturdy, efficient and economical 44-seat airliner-cum-freighter, and a de Havilland Comet 4C. Another aircraft making its debut is the Handley Page Victor 2, as is the Lancashire Prospector Series 2, which is suitable for crop-spraying, ambulance work or routine duties. The latest version of the de Havilland Dove, and airliners such as the Armstrong Whitworth Argosy and the first vertical take-off airliner, the Fairey Rotodyne, are to be presented.

The remarkable Short S.C.1 will probably be flying at Farnborough

A drawing of the de Havilland 121 short-range jet-liner, which is designed to carry 80-100 passengers

Trans-Canada Air Lines have ordered 23 Vickers Vanguard 952 liners, and British European Airways 20. The 952 is powered by four Rolls-Royce Tyne 11 engines

Left: The Dart Herald, which originated from the Handley Page (Reading) design department, is intended to operate from urban airfields. The Herald has been ordered for B.E.A. Scottish services

Right: The largest aircraft to exceed the speed of sound is the Handley Page Victor B Mark 2. This four-jet medium bomber has also made several fast routine R.A.F. flights

Left: A large number of Westland Belvedere tandem-rotor helicopters have been ordered for the R.A.F. They are powered by two Napier Gazelle N.Ga. 2 free-turbine engines, each of which is capable of driving both rotors in the event of one engine failing

Right: The Armstrong Whitworth 650 Argosy is a basic freighter/coach in production for world-wide service. Its large capacity makes it suitable for civil and military transport

Left: On a smaller scale is the de Havilland 114 Heron Mark 2. A liner with room for 14-17 passengers, the Heron is designed to operate with minimum runway requirements

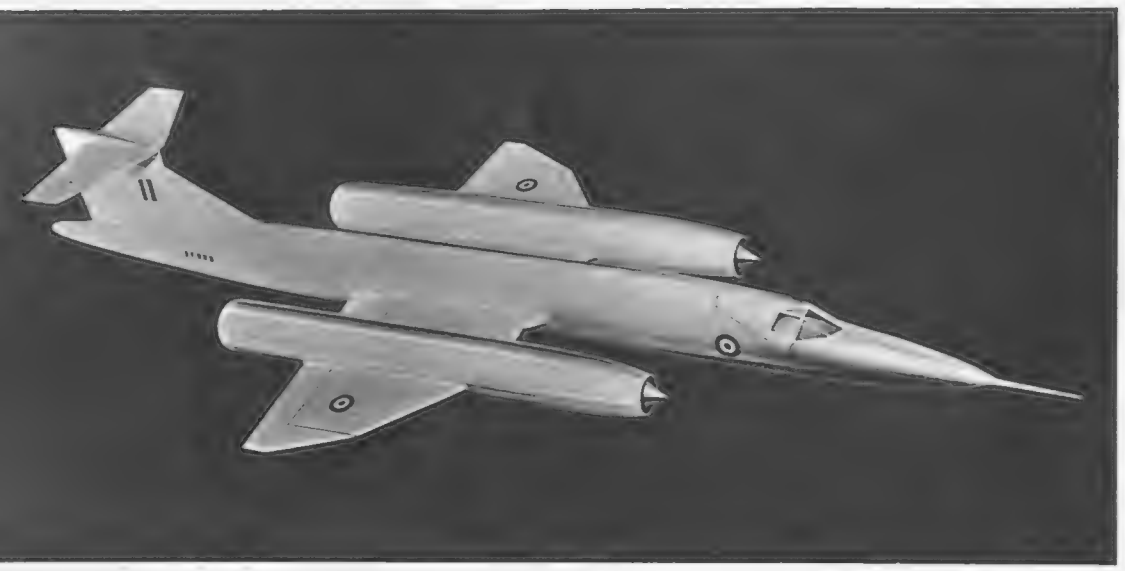
Right: Six passengers, plus the pilot, can be accommodated in the Beaver 1, a utility transport developed by de Havilland Aircraft of Canada Ltd. The Beaver is virtually a flying half-ton truck, and thirty-six are due to be used by the British Army Air Corps for liaison

Left: The standard advanced trainer for the Royal Air Force is the Folland Gnat two-seater Transonic Trainer, fourteen of which have been ordered by the Ministry of Aviation

Right: The Hunting Jet Provost, specifically designed for basic training, has been adopted by the R.A.F. for this purpose. It is powered by one Bristol-Siddeley Viper engine

FOR FARNBOROUGH

A Hawker Hunter Mark 6 with its stores and equipment. Foreground are practice bombs and gunbelts, on both sides of which are large and small fuel tanks, napalm containers and various bombs. Behind is the quick exchange gun pack with rockets and rocket packs. In the background are Fireflash air-to-air guided missiles and missiles of an undisclosed type



An artist's impression of the Bristol Type 188 stainless steel supersonic research aircraft. Powered by two reheat de Havilland Gyron Junior turbo-jets, it has been officially stated that the 188 will fly at speeds "in excess of 1,500 m.p.h."

The Malkara anti-tank guided weapon has been ordered for the British Army. Designed in Australia, the Malkara, which weighs about 200 lb., is capable of destroying the largest tanks at present made. Fairey Engineering Ltd. is the Australian Government's delegated authority in Britain for the weapon

A Bristol/Ferranti Bloodhound surface-to-air guided missile is held on its launcher at North Cotes, Lincolnshire, one of Britain's guided weapons air defence stations. The first British surface-to-air guided missile to enter service, the Bloodhound is being developed in several longer-ranged versions

A model of the Short Seacat naval anti-aircraft quadruple launcher shows four model missiles in position. At this year's S.B.A.C. show at Farnborough, a multiple launcher and its solid-propellant missiles are due to be demonstrated by Royal Naval ratings

UNITED DOMINIONS TRUST LIMITED

VASTLY INCREASED STRENGTH IN EVERY DEPARTMENT

The following are extracts from the address by the Chairman, Mr. J. Gibson Jarvie, at the Annual General Meeting on 16th August, 1960.

For the fifteenth year in succession following the war, your Board are privileged to submit Accounts disclosing vastly increased strength in every department.

Capital and Reserves have risen during the year from £14,865,431 to £21,449,921. To that figure, however, must now be added the £6,000,000 being the final call on the recent share issue, paid on the 22nd July. This raises the capital and reserves to £27,449,921 without taking into account profit earned between 30th June and this date. Rebate of Interest and Deferred Income has climbed from £8,159,320 to £12,405,913, an accretion of over 50%.

Quoted investments standing in the Balance Sheet at £1,254,965 had, at 30th June, a market value of £1,729,507, an excess of almost half a million: Treasury Bills exceed £1,000,000: Balances at Banks and in Cash have jumped from £10,511,338 to £14,318,408: the Current Assets of the group at 30th June stand at £168,091,766. Bank Loans and Acceptances have risen by approximately £4,000,000 to £32,738,758 and Current and Deposit Accounts amounting to less than £64 million last year, now exceed £100 millions. The aggregate figures in the balance sheet have climbed from £119 millions last year to £174 millions this year. I think you will agree that this is a remarkable showing.

GOODWILL AN INTANGIBLE ASSET

Further, during the year the companies in the group charged against general reserves goodwill amounting to £663,606, and wrote off over £200,000 being the cost of equipment purchased. In keeping with our former practice, there is no goodwill or other intangible assets of any kind at all in the balance sheets of the group.

It is a fairly common practice for companies to include goodwill as an asset in their balance sheets but goodwill is not a tangible asset.

As far back as last November, I strongly advised the Government to take the necessary steps to compel all companies seeking deposits from the public to declare that there were no intangible assets in their balance sheets. Even if the Government take no action I suggest that any company seeking deposits should itself, through its Auditors, voluntarily state explicitly that it has no intangible assets. In the case of companies refraining or refusing to do so, the general public, including depositors or potential depositors, would be in order in assuming that such companies were not being quite as frank as they should be.

I need not remind you that the bulk of the City's transactions depend very, very largely on the maintenance of full and complete confidence.

GROUP'S WIDESPREAD RAMIFICATIONS

In the Accounts there are some 43 companies listed: of those companies, two are conducting an orthodox banking business: two are investment trusts and issuing houses: one is a credit insurance company: one is a company providing capital for industry (eight others have been formed overseas): three are engaged in engineering: one conducts the Futures Markets for sugar, cocoa, shellac, coffee and wool tops: and two are property companies.

Regarding our overseas companies, apart from the Bank of Trinidad, some are handling an amount of instalment business but they are also financing import and export shipments, goods in warehouse and other purely banking transactions.

Only one company in the group, U.D.T. (Commercial) Ltd., is concerned almost exclusively with hire-purchase and whilst its figures are important in the group, it is *not* the whole group, and all the other components are steadily growing in size and importance.

An interesting development in the company's interests since we last met is the establishment of what is now known as the AMSTEL CLUB. The Club is composed of ten of the principal banks and financial houses in Europe and one in the United States and includes representation in countries of both the Common Market and "E.F.T.A". The operations are of a two-way character and cover both exports and imports. The facilities provided serve large exporters and importers but they are of special interest to the smaller concerns which may perhaps have been a little diffident about entering the export market.

RECORD OF STEADY EXPANSION

The history of your company suggests sheer romance. That is not an exaggeration; it is a simple statement of fact. Beginning with a trifling capital as a branch of a New York finance company, soon after the first world war, with no outstanding link with any important British interests, the company within a few years became British owned and has since burgeoned into one of the largest banking and financial groups in London, the financial centre of the world.

In the forty years of its life it has not only established over 70 branches in this country but it has founded or bought companies in nine different countries abroad, all in the British Commonwealth. And all of these companies are making profits and growing in influence and importance in their different parts of the world. The basis of our operations has consistently broadened: today we are serving practically every industry and providing the kind of services which modern needs demand.

UDT *BANKERS TO PRIVATE ENTERPRISE*

The panoramic view of London which can be seen from the roof of English Electric House

LANDMARK IN THE STRAND

The new £1,250,000 headquarters of the English Electric Company Limited has been built in the Strand on the site of the old Gaiety Theatre. To commemorate this association, the famous " Angel " from the dome of the theatre has been installed in a courtyard. The new building adjoins Marconi House (which will now be known as the Marconi Wing). It is finished in Portland stone which has been treated with silicones to reduce cleaning costs. English Electric House is one of the most modern buildings in the country, and has its main services scientifically controlled. For example, the central heating system serves various parts of the building independently, taking into account the effect of the sun on the different sections at the time. Air conditioning is provided to the fourth floor, and fog is eliminated by being drawn through a fibre-glass blanket. A fully-automatic telephone system and switchboard has been installed by the Automatic Telephone Co., Ltd.; there are only two similar systems in the country. With the Marconi Wing, English Electric House has room for 750 staff. The main contractors for the building (designed by Adams, Holden and Pearson) were Taylor Woodrow Construction Limited, who started working at the site in January, 1958.

Left: The front of the building with the representational figures " Speed " and " Power "

In the main hall: on the right is " Time," one of two abstract tapestries by Mr. Hans Tisdall. The Otis lift in the picture is electronically controlled, and can be scheduled to cope with the different degrees of traffic using the lift during the day

Left: Part of the plant room in the lower basement. Equipment for heating, ventilation and refrigeration is housed here. (This includes three thermal storage tanks which provide 55,000 gallons of water.) The equipment is monitored from one large console

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MOTORING

TESTING A NEW SALOON

A short trial of the new Velox; a more cheerful home market

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

The new 6-cylinder Vauxhalls are greatly improved cars. I have now had an opportunity of trying out the new Velox and I can report that the bigger, 2·6-litre engine makes a lot of difference to the car's performance. It is not only a question of the top speed having been stepped up from about 90 m.p.h. to well over 95. Much more important is the car's top-gear performance in the lower speed range. The 6-cylinder engine has acquired an enhanced silkiness and the Velox accelerates away from as low a speed as 10 miles an hour smoothly and with a real sense of purpose.

When a car is given as vigorous a performance as that now possessed by the Velox and her rich sister, the Cresta, good stopping power is more essential than ever. That is why the designers at General Motors' branch office at Luton increased from 9 to 10 ins. the diameter of the brake-drums on the front wheels of these models. They make certain that the Velox and Cresta stop quickly, with a progressive rate of deceleration, from the higher speeds which these new cars safely give on suitable roads. My try-out was not a full-scale road test—that will come later—so I was not able to assess the ability of the big Vauxhalls' improved brakes to withstand fade.

A short run in the dark convinced me that the Luton firm makes no idle boast when it claims that the sealed beam headlamps give better illumination both on full beam and when dipped. The beam reaches out farther on a straight road. On bends there seems to be a much more effective concentration of light than before. In the dipped position the new headlamps of the big Vauxhalls show up the nearside kerb much more clearly and the degree of cut-off is such that on-coming drivers were obviously quite happy about their anti-dazzle characteristics. You can't replace the bulb in these new-style headlamps, but Vauxhalls say there should be no need to do so for at least five years. "The new headlamp unit is itself one big, completely unified, gas-filled bulb," said a Vauxhall technician. "Apart from the contribution made by the low operating temperature of the exceptionally tough transverse filaments, the factors which give these lamps their long life and efficiency include complete sealing against dirt and moisture and the provision of a large reflector area."

To the nomenclature of motoring was added this week the word Tetramel, a new petrol additive evolved in the U.S. by Mobil chemists to prevent "knock"—the metallic noise that comes from your engine when part of the fuel charge explodes instead of burning smoothly. Using electronic analysers on the open road under actual motoring conditions, Mobil researchers found that when an engine "knocks," poor combustion is not taking place in all the cylinders, but only in some of them. This led to the further discovery that some cylinders were suffering from octane starvation owing to the fact—I gather—that the different hydrocarbons from which petrol is made up play a game of hide-and-seek in the inlet manifold. Anyway, this new additive is being used in the top-quality Mobilgas now on sale in Britain.

I sat down to write this article after talks with a number of motor industry chiefs. They are much more cheerful about the prospects of the domestic car market than they were even a few weeks ago. They say the downward plunge of used car prices has been checked and that the second-hand market is now much steadier. It seems that motorists who shied away from car purchase—new or used—when called upon to spread payment over only twenty-four months are beginning to hover round the showrooms again in a tentative kind of way. This revived interest has already caused used car prices to harden slightly—a fact which will enable dealers to offer more for old cars traded in part exchange for new models. You can still buy practically any British model more or less "off the shelf" but stocks are definitely moving and the industry may, after all, escape the drastic cut-back in production this winter which seemed inevitable only a few weeks ago. There are, however, almost certain to be "adjustments" of production schedules—with probably a degree of short-time working—and there will be some highly competitive selling.

Aircraft as well as cars, are catered for at the new B.P. Airfield Filling Station opened at Caister-on-Sea, Norfolk

It is now possible to buy in Britain for £766 including tax the convertible models of the Triumph Herald saloon. Since this attractive car was announced at the Geneva Motor Show, in March, production has been reserved entirely for export. Spring is obviously a better time for introducing to the British market a car with a folding head. One is tempted to surmise, therefore, that the real reason for Standard-Triumph's decision is the serious decline in British car sales in the U.S.

In the first six months of 1960 Britain sold only 77,500 cars in the U.S. That is a drop of nearly 20 per cent. on the same period last year. Other European countries have had similar setbacks in America and there was an overall decline of 7 per cent. to 270,713 in car imports to the U.S. for the first six months of the year. Sales of foreign cars in the U.S. reached a peak of 609,539 last year, rising from 373,189 in 1958.

There are two main reasons why European cars are not selling so well in the U.S.: the vigour of the American manufacturers' counter-attack with their new compact cars and the slight chill which has descended on the economic atmosphere in the U.S. The most disturbing feature of the new car registration figures in the U.S., from Britain's point of view, is that while there was a drop in the sales of Hillman (53 per cent.), Vauxhall (39 per cent.), Ford (31 per cent.), Triumph (20 per cent.), and Morris (11 per cent.), a number of European makes improved their position. Among them were Volkswagen, Renault, Peugeot, Mercedes, Saab, Porsche and Citroen.

Against the background which I have just described, VW did fantastically well to step up their sales by 41 per cent. in the first half of the year. They sold nearly 77,000 cars, nearly as many as all the British makes combined. Yet in June even VW recorded only a slight increase over the corresponding month in 1959 and the improvement shown by Renault for the first six months of the year was only slight. British makes which improved their position in the same period—though in some cases it was only marginal—were Austin-Healey, Metropolitan (the two-seater built by B.M.C. for American Motors), Jaguar, Sunbeam and Austin.

Briefly . . . A B.P. service station run by Mr. Gordon Wright on the Yarmouth road at Caister-on-Sea, Norfolk, caters for planes as well as cars. Aircraft which land in a private airfield adjoining the garage taxi over to the pumps to refuel. . . . Mr. David Brown has pulled out of motor racing completely, at least for the time being, and he states that Aston Martins appearing in Grand Touring events will be private entries. . . . It is reported that the cut-price Jet Petroleum Company have put thirty new road tankers into service and are planning what is described as "a costly ocean terminal" on the East Coast. . . .

Coloured road surfaces made of plastics are to be tested by safety experts in Britain. . . . Motorists who park their cars for 5s. in a new multi-storey garage in Birmingham will get a 4s. refund if they shop locally. . . . Holland's 600-c.c. DAF—the world's cheapest car with automatic transmission—is now being built at the Van Doorne factory at Eindhoven at the rate of 100 a day. . . .

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.

A GOLFING HOLIDAY. At the beginning of September keen golfers begin to think about their holidays, for this month and October are usually good weather months, with the majority of the holiday-makers back at work and a more peaceful atmosphere apparent both at the seaside and on inland courses—an atmosphere essential for good putting!

Scotland is, of course, an ideal country for a touring golfing holiday. Almost every small town or village has its golf course and it is by no means an uncommon sight to see whole families playing a round in the long summer evenings after school and the day's work. This local interest ensures that the courses, although by no means all of championship standard, are well maintained, and the average visitor will not be disappointed.

Let us start then at the top—St. Andrews, *Gleneagles Hotel*, Turnberry, Troon, Carnoustie. All that is necessary for the first-named is to recommend an hotel—*Rufflets*—one and a half miles outside the town on the Ceres-Kirkcaldy road. Good to look at, gracious to live in and surrounded by ten acres of beautifully laid out gardens, *Rufflets* is removed from the bustle of the town and most ably run by the resident owners, Mr. and Mrs. G. Cook.

Gleneagles Hotel offers a whole series of courses to be played according to your inclination—the world-renowned King's and Queen's (both 18 hole), the Wee Course (9 holes) and an 18-hole pitch and putt course. A luxury hotel for the golfer who likes to relax in a suite and take advantage of the other amenities of the hotel—swimming pool, squash court, tennis and dancing in the evening.

Like *Gleneagles*, the *Turnberry Hotel* is under the direction of British Transport Hotel Services and here two fine courses, the Ailsa and the Arran, lie between the hotel and the beach. Surely one of the most attractive hotels, with the red roofs of the hotel and the surrounding houses and cottages of the hotel set against the smooth lawns and immaculate garden, *Turnberry* enjoys, too, a magnificent view of Ailsa Craig and the Isle of Arran. Here again there are suites and private bathrooms, an indoor swimming pool, hairdressing salons and a sports wear shop.

Troon always appears to be surrounded by golf courses and the *Marine Hotel* is separated from the sandy beach only by part of the championship course of Old Troon. A great deal of thought and time have been given to the contemporary layout of this gay, modern hotel. A spacious restaurant with picture windows to take full advantage of the view, a light and airy lounge and—worth a special mention—the attractive and well-fitted bedrooms, all combine to make this a most satisfactory hotel for Troon golfers.

Nearby is the smaller *Sun Court Hotel*. Here the golf courses threaten to engulf the house, but the walled garden keeps them at bay. Mr. and Mrs. Angus Hamilton have the right ideas in food and friendly hospitality and this once luxury private house is well adapted for its present purpose.

Over on the East Coast and further north is Carnoustie, with two championship courses and the *Bruce Hotel*. Mr. J. A. Walker, its resident owner, has welcomed many golfers in his thirty odd years at the hotel and has seen to that they were all well looked after—both in the way of good meals in the pleasant dining room and a comfortable night's rest in one of the bedrooms, all of which have a sea view. With a southerly aspect, Carnoustie has the benefit of the sunshine as well as the bracing air.

If a golfing tour is your aim, travel north now to Dornoch. Still a small unspoilt Scottish town at the mouth of Dornoch Firth, with a fine sandy beach just across the golf course, an air of peace and relaxation always seems to reign here. There are two hotels that I can recommend for your stay—the *Dornoch Hotel* (under the direction of British Transport Hotel Services) with eighty-five bedrooms, private bathrooms and suites and a pitch and putt course in the grounds and the *Dornoch Castle Hotel*, which has the homely charm of a country house with the modern appointments of an hotel—even to central heating and a lift. Two hotels, then, to suit a variety of tastes and pockets.

One could write a whole series of articles on golfing in Scotland and, for anyone except the real expert, it is difficult to classify the many excellent courses. In the limited space available I can only mention a few that should appeal to my readers, so here are some notes on various places and hotels at random.

Lundin Links. With a good sunshine record, the courses flanking the shimmering waters of the Firth of Forth and the *Lundin Links Hotel* as a base, one could easily spend the entire holiday at this delectable spot. The hotel is well known to golfers for its fine food and wines, comfort and good service.

Nairn. A good deal further north, but just as popular, this town on the shores of the Moray Firth boasts two fine hotels. The *Golf View* (one of the Eglinton Group) is the larger and, apart from its position overlooking the Firth, offers dancing three times a week, and is well adapted for a family holiday.

The *Newton Hotel* is one of Scotland's best country house hotels. Standing in 25-acres of grounds, there is a complete absence of traffic noise and guests have the use of a private entrance to the adjoining course. Of recent months, the Directorate have given a new look to the menus and the cocktail bar and now attract an increasing clientele from Edinburgh and the surrounding district for meals.

Pitlochry. Here there is the Festival Theatre, the hydro-electric dam (with its salmon ladder) and a geographical position which appeals to the touring motorist to distract the golfer from his main purpose. As a centre for visits to the surrounding courses, though, Pitlochry would be hard to beat and, in any case, its own links are well worth a visit. I recommend the *Green Park Hotel* for anyone staying in the district. On the shores of Loch Faskally, the situation ensures quiet and the management of Miss Mona Mackay takes care of such important points as good catering, service and a restful bedroom.

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